*Aug. 9, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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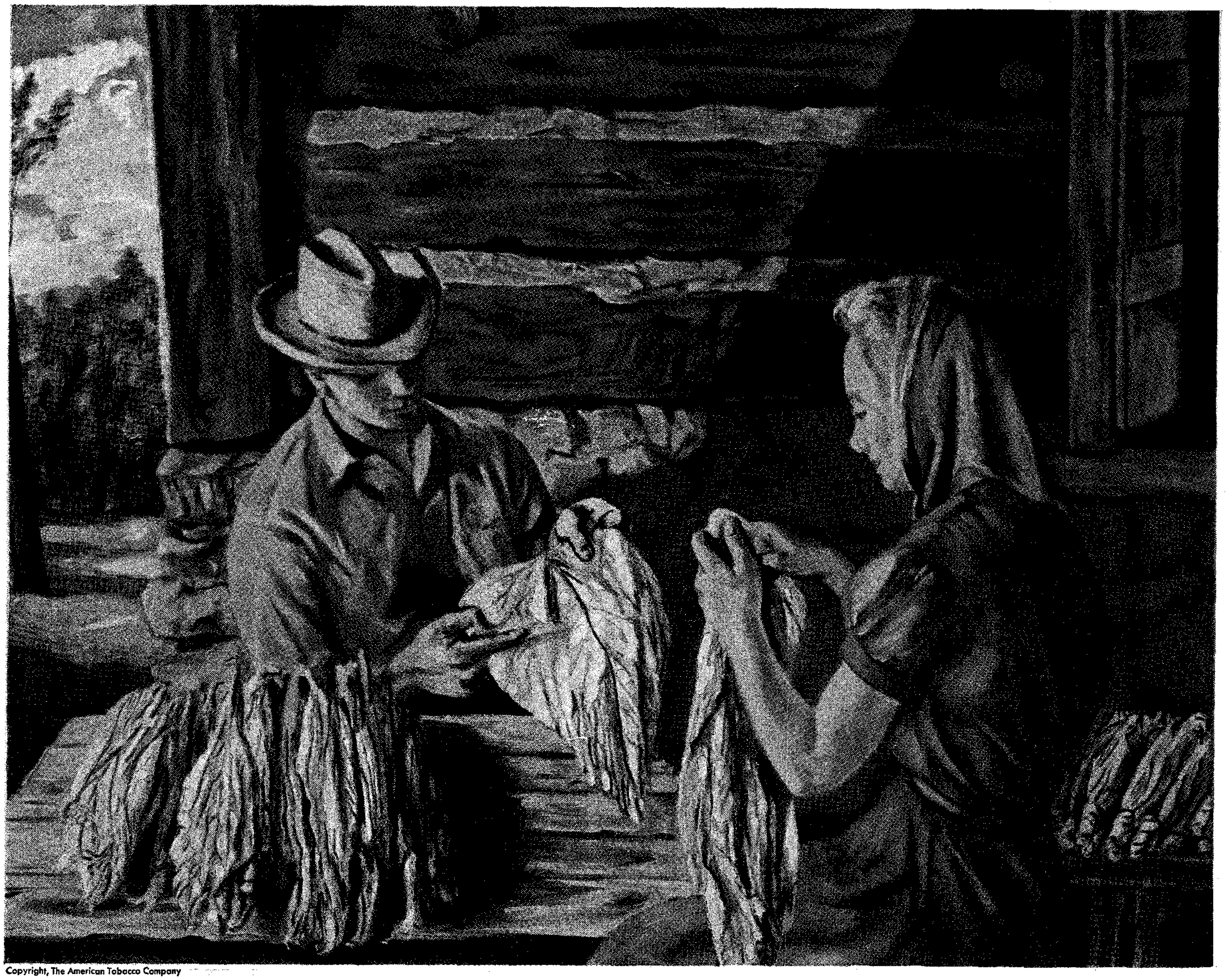

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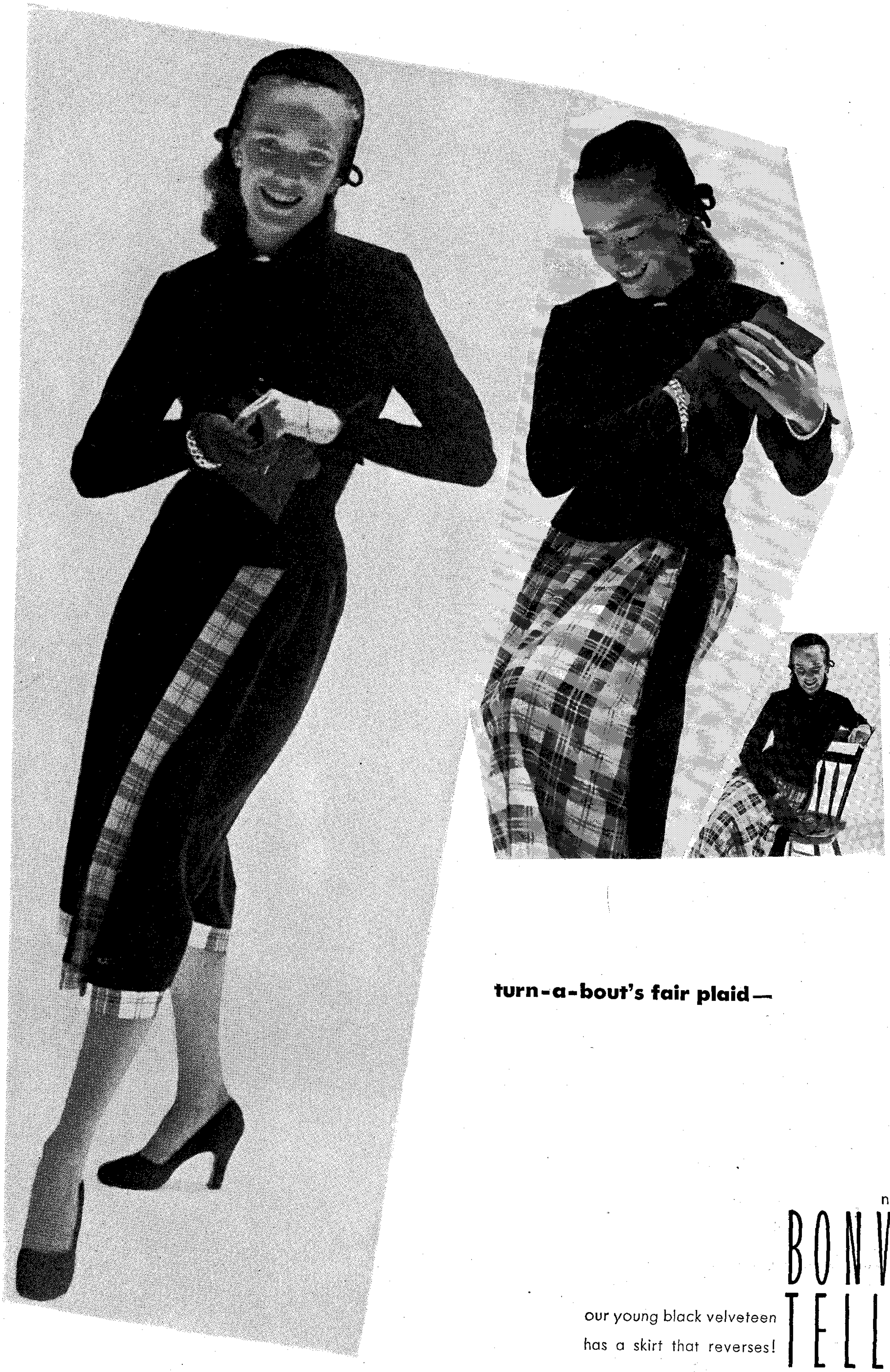

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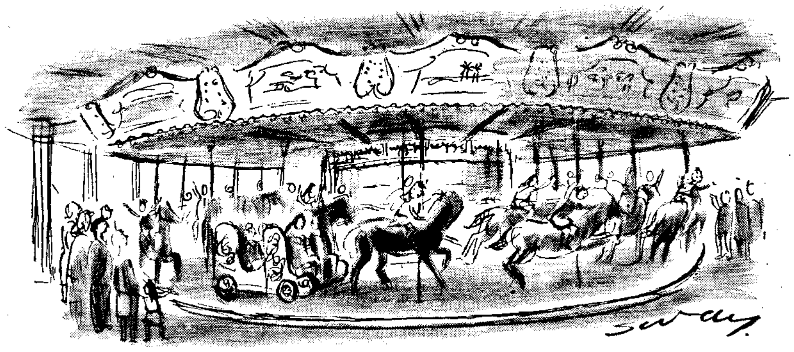
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play dealing with war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—The old play about a drunken comedian. It doesn't seem as dramatic as it did in 1927, but it is just as comic, thanks largely to Bert Lahr's first-rate performance. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to give it a second thought. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys, and gets better acting than it deserves from Lenore Lonergan and Ronnie Jacoby. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas in the one about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** Helen Hayes as the girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** James Stewart has replaced Frank Fay as the pal of that rabbit. Josephine Hull stays on. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays and Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Aug. 16, at 2:40; special matinées Tuesday and Thursday, Aug. 12 and 14.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy about Republican politics and principles. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** The sergeant on a weekend pass. Currently with Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—An inordinately whimsical piece about the capers of a leprechaun in the Southern poll-tax country, pulled together by the excellent dancing and tuneful singing of a gay and gifted cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two graceful and ingenious chamber operas, composed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti and performed flawlessly by Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Marilyn Cotlow, and Frank Rogier. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, since it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to swarm over, with loyal assistance from June Knight, Marjorie Gateson, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** Ethel Merman is on vacation, and Mary Jane Walsh is filling in for her. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** It's indestructible. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Benefit—A performance by Negro actors of "John Loves Mary," directed by Abram Hill and supervised by John Golden. Sponsored by the Urban League. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Sunday evening, Aug. 10, at 8:40.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may come across a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are often subject to revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, Aug. 7: "Years Ago." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: "The Hasty Heart." Monday through Thursday, Aug. 11-14: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Friday, Aug. 15: "The Hasty Heart." Saturday, Aug. 16: "Years Ago." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Elissa Landi in "Theatre." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Ruth Chatterton in "The Little Foxes." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Bennington—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "The Show-Off." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Years Ago." (*Bennington Drama* Festival, Bennington, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Brattleboro—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "George Washington Slept Here." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Oliver, Oliver." (Brattleboro Summer Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Bridgehampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Love from a Stranger." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Paula Laurence and Uta Hagen in "Dark Eyes." (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Burlington—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: Mickey Walker in "Is Zat So." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 12-17: Neil Hamilton in "State of the Union." (St. Michael's Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "The Late Christopher Bean." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Eddie Nugent and Lois Wilson in "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "The Vinegar Tree." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Jane Cowl in "The First Mrs. Fraser." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: William Eythe in "The Glass Menagerie." (South

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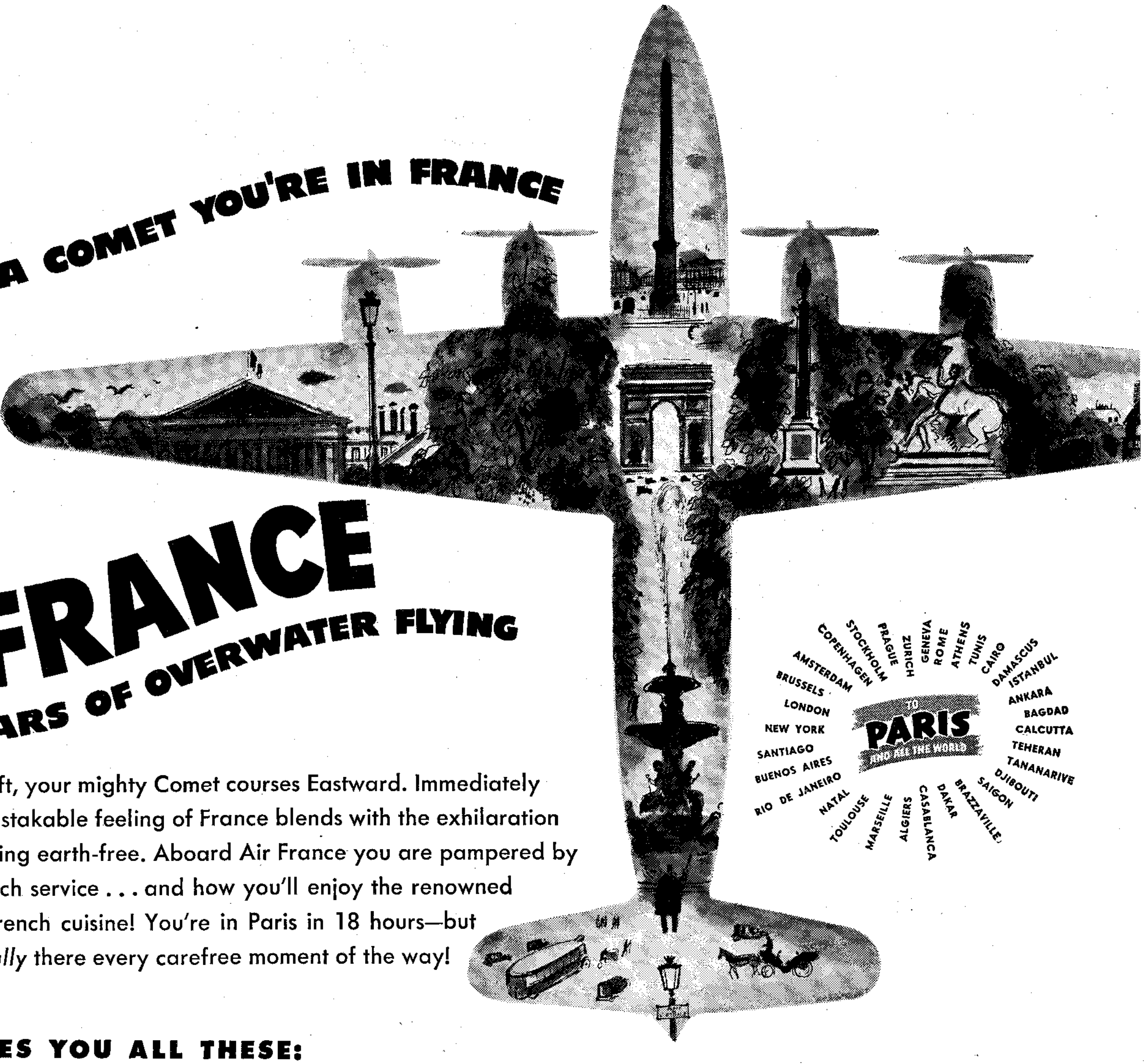

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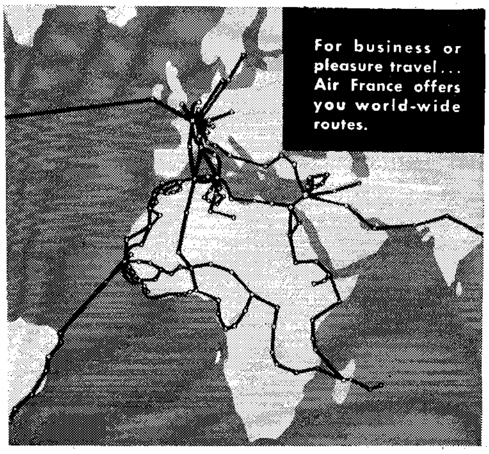

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "Home of the Brave." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 12-17: A new play, "Does the Lady Yield?" (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Gertrude Lawrence in the première of "The Lady Maria." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Faye Emerson in a new play, "Profile." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: A new musical comedy, "The Shape of Things." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Ilka Chase in Lynn Riggs' new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "The Age of Miracles." (Tanglewood Theatre, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Amphitryon 38." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 12-16: "Personal Appearance." (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: June Duprez in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Chapel Play-House, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ithaca—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Roger Pryor in "Goodbye Again." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Blanche Yurka in "I Remember Mama." (Finger Lakes Drama Festival, Ithaca, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Jean Parker in "Dream Girl." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Alice Adams." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "My Sister Eileen." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Litchfield—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: John Carradine in "Rain." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 12-16: A new play, "Mr. Hennessey's Pocket." (Summer Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Paul Muni in "Counsellor-at-Law." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Gertrude Lawrence in a new play, "The Lady Maria." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Friday, Aug. 15, at 2:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Years Ago." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Papa Is All." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Middlebury—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Ghosts." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 12-16: "Blithe Spirit." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Martha Sleeper in "The Little Foxes." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Diana Barrymore in "The Philadelphia Story." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

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Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 7: "Among Ourselves." Friday, Aug. 8: "Androcles and the Lion." Saturday, Aug. 9: "An American Tragedy." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13-14: "The Great Big Doorstep." Friday, Aug. 15: "An American Tragedy." Saturday, Aug. 16: "Among Ourselves." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Christopher Blake." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Luise Rainer in "Joan of Lorraine." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Milford—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "The Demon Barber of Fleet Street." Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-17: "The Vinegar Tree." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

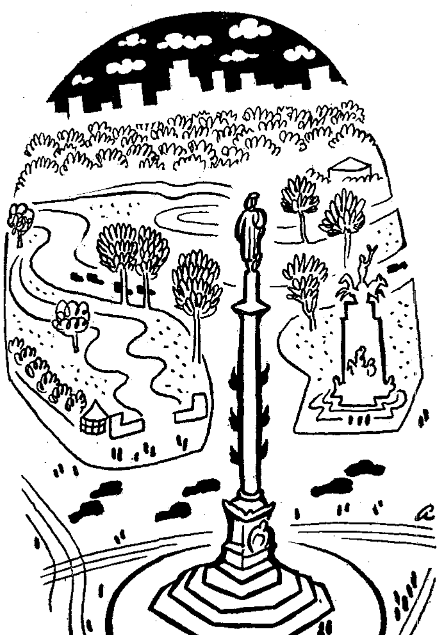
Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Arms and the Man." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Personal Appearance." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Margaret Wycherly in "Dear Judas." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Jane Cowl in "The First Mrs. Fraser." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "George Washington Slept Here." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 12-17: "Three Live Ghosts." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Dear Ruth." (Playhouse, Stearns Farm, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:40.)

Plymouth—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: A new play, "A Puzzle for Charon." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Dangerous Corner." (Priscilla Beach Theatre, Plymouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)



Princeton—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "The Front Page." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Desire Under the Elms." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "The Glass Menagerie." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: Bela Lugosi in "Dracula." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 12-17: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Skowhegan—Thursday and Friday, Aug. 7-8, at 8 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2:30 and 8 P.M.: "Years Ago." Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 11-13, at 8 P.M.: "Nothing but the Truth." Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30 P.M., and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.: The première of the movie "Life with Father." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Philip Ober and Edith Atwater in "State of the Union." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Years Ago." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Suffern—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Skylark." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Fritzi Scheff and Estelle Winwood in "Ladies in Retirement." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Jessie Royce Landis in "Papa Is All." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "The Hasty Heart." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 12-17: "The Glass Menagerie." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st (WI 2-1000)—Remote from the summer sun (it's an underground garden) but prettied up with thriving plant life. Basil Fomeen's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The airy Cascades has Rosario and Antonio, the dancers, at dinner and supper, and dancing to Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Caligula might have found it a trifle ornate, but the customers seem to like it fine. Peter Walters plays the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra provides dance music afterward.

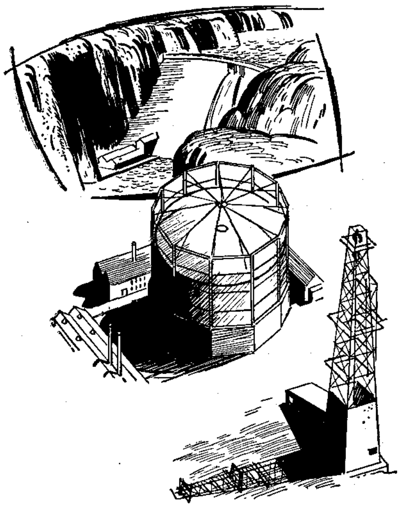
El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—You can while away your evening under this particular greenwood tree dancing to Paul Sparr's orchestra.

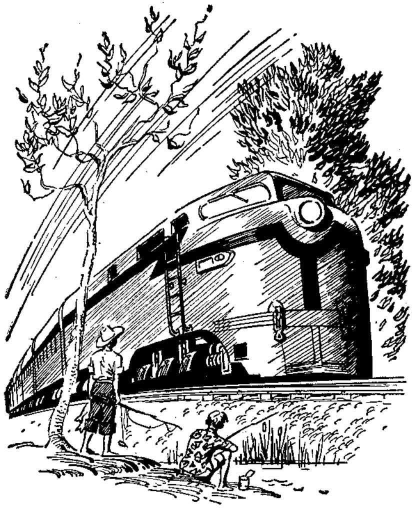
Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, the lush music of Irving Conn's orchestra, plus

"The Pacific Coast has its problems, too"

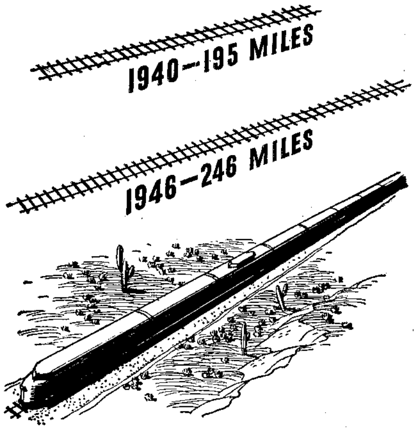
1. Every time you light the furnace, start your car, plug in the vacuum cleaner or step into an elevator, you consume energy. And since this energy furnishes heat and power that would otherwise have to come out of your own heart and muscles, the energy a people consume is pretty important.



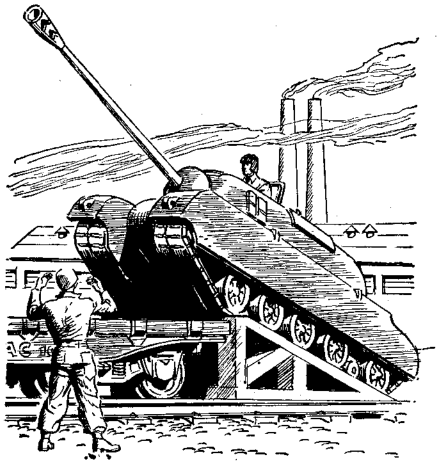
2. On the Pacific Coast our three primary sources of energy are hydroelectric power, natural gas and petroleum. During 1940, the people of Washington, Oregon and California consumed more than 1 quadrillion, 46 trillion, 396 billion B.T.U.'s of energy from these three sources.



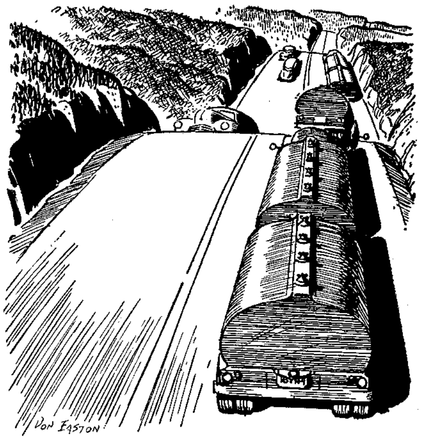
3. That means the average Pacific Coast person consumed enough energy in one form or another during 1940 to move a 15-car streamlined Diesel passenger train 195 miles. That's quite a bit of energy. But look what's happened since. By 1946 we had more tools to help us work—more money to help us live.



4. As a result, the average Pacific Coast person in 1946 consumed enough energy to move that same train 246 miles—an increase of 26%. On top of this, our *population* increased 30%. So *more* people, each using *more* energy, increased our total consumption 64%! If times had been normal, we could have built facilities to meet this demand.



5. But during the war, very little new construction on hydroelectric plants, steam plants, pipe lines, etc., was allowed. Consequently the Western oil industry has had to produce more petroleum *this year* than during *the peak years of the war*. And the Western utility companies have been scraping the bottom of the barrel.



6. So far, we've made out. In fact, we've increased the energy output on the Coast over 64% in 7 years—largely because our free, competitive American system has given all of us the *incentive* to increase that output. But our situation is typical of dislocations brought on all over this country by the war. These dislocations are no one's fault. But it is going to take the American people some time and some patience to work them out.

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OF CALIFORNIA

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.

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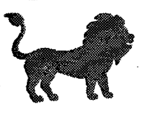

JULY 24 – AUG. 23

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Ravazza, the singer, will be replaced after Tuesday, Aug. 12, by Dean Murphy, who does imitations. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Fina's orchestra plays for dancing on the Starlight Roof, and Ginny Simms sings at supper. Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley, and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter; no dancing. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band perform jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Walter Gross at the piano after ten. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns at the piano. (Closed Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.) . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after nine. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent, playing the piano until nine. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A small orchestra plays for tea dancing and during dinner and supper. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A casual frolic, headed by Rose Murphy, and dance music by Dave Martin's orchestra.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): A show as complicated as a solar system, with Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello largely in the ascendant; dance music, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne, a decorative singer, along with the usual rackety show; Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, managing to keep his head well above these choppy waters; dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This familiar basement offers Maxine Sullivan, Jay Marshall, and the Three Flames; dancing. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): A fair-to-middling summer show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Some bright comedy by Louise Howard, plus Spivy herself, who contributes a few thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A number of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, and Pee Wee Russell. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of distinguished visitors. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Freddie Ohms, and their colleagues, all blowing hot and blue. Thursday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Albert Nicholas's trio. There's a jam session every Monday evening. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Dizzy Gillespie's band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra will be replaced by Skinnay Ennis's starting Monday, Aug. 11. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A thirty-first-story balcony offering a superb view of Parks Commissioner Moses' little acre. Alfred Menconi's dance orchestra. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): This leafy bower used to be restricted to sheep, but now there's dancing to Alan Holmes' orchestra. . . . **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): An uptown dude ranch, equipped with a vista (the Hudson and Grant's Tomb) that ought to suit any taste; dancing. . . . **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): The outlook from this open-air garden is well worth the taxi ride to Brooklyn; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Victor Lombardo's orchestra will be replaced on Thursday, Aug. 14, by Shep Fields'. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91). . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends. . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253). . . . **CENTERPORT, L.I.**: Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.**: Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . **WESTON, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

ALL-SUMMER SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by Ryder, Blakelock, and other nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns. . . . **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th

St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg, George Constant, and other artists affiliated with this gallery.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's home team of exhibitors.... **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Contemporary and Early American oils and water colors.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings.... **NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY**, 38 W. 57th St.: Silk-screen prints of New York scenes, by members of the Society.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others of this gallery's artists.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces. ... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and three sculptors.

GROUP SHOW—A summer survey of the Downtown Gallery's activities in the fields of both contemporary painting and folk art. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Aug. 8.)

OUT OF TOWN—Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1:30 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Silvermine Guild of Artists, Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Association, Ogunquit, Maine. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. (Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Guild Hall, East Hampton, N.Y. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sundays, 3 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ George Baer Gallery, Salisbury, Conn. (Daily, 2 to 6 P.M.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to modern ones.... ¶ An exhibition of figurines, seals, snuffboxes, and all sorts of other small things, arranged so that you can look at them without squinting. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to an interesting display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through the summer.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Alfred Stieglitz memorial exhibition, covering his career both as photographer and as art patron and dealer. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay, Jean Xceron, and Lloyd Ney. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are held on

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

clear evenings at 8:30. The schedule follows. Thursday, Aug. 7: Robert Zeller conducting, with Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, and a ballet group.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9 (final program): Alexander Smallens conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Joseph Fuchs, violin. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AU 3-3400; and in the lobby of the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Roman Singers of Sacred Music—Fifty-four male singers from churches in Rome, in an *a cappella* concert, directed by Msgr. Licinio Refice. (Ebbets Field. Thursday evening, Aug. 7, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Opera—The LEMONADE OPERA: Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 8-10, at 8:40, "Hänsel and Gretel" and "La Serva Padrona," both in English.... ¶ Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 15-17, at 8:40, "Don Giovanni," in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868.) ... JUILLIARD OPERA WORKSHOP: Thursday and Friday afternoons, Aug. 7-8, at 4: A program directed by Fritz Mahler. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the last of this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday and Sunday evenings, Aug. 8 and 10, at 8:30.)

Out of Town—The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Berkshire Music Festival. Leonard Bernstein conducting: Thursday evening, Aug. 7, at 8:15, with Ruth Posselt, violin. Robert Shaw conducting: Saturday evening, Aug. 9, at 8:15. Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Sunday afternoon, Aug. 10, at 3:30. (Tanglewood, at Lenox, Mass.) ... ¶ Chamber-music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, Aug. 10, at 4, and Friday afternoons, Aug. 8 and 15, at 3.) ... ¶ "Tristan and Isolde," in English. (Jacob's Pillow, Lee, Mass. Friday evening, Aug. 8, at 6:15 P.M.) ... ¶ The Colony Opera Guild presenting "Carmen." (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday evening, Aug. 8, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Thursday, Aug. 7, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:45 P.M., Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Boston. ... EBBETS FIELD: Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 9-10, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8:30 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13-14, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Boston.... YANKEE STADIUM: Monday, Aug. 11, at 8:45 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13-14, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:45 P.M., and Saturday, Aug 16, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Boston.

Boxing—Billy Fox vs. Georgie Kochan, light-heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Aug. 8. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

Dog Shows—Farmington Valley Kennel Club. (New Britain, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 9.) ... ¶ Anthracite Kennel Club. (Conyngham, Pa. Sunday, Aug. 10.)

Gold Cup Powerboat Race—On Jamaica Bay off Beach Channel Drive, Rockaway Beach, L.I. (Sunday, Aug. 10, at about 11 A.M.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 7-10.) ... ¶ Sewane Harbor Club Invitation Tournament. (Hewlett, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 7-10.) ... ¶ Long Island Golf Association Annual Mixed Foursomes. (Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday, Aug. 7.) ... ¶ Maidstone Bowl Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 15-17.)

Horse Shows—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ Williamstown Horse Show. (Williamstown, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 10.)

Polo—At **Bostwick Field**, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **Meadow Brook Club**, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **Blind Brook Polo Club**, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **Fairfield County Hunt Club**, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—At **Saratoga**: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. The Test, Aug. 8; the United States Hotel and the Whitney, Aug. 9; the Merchants and Citizens, Aug. 14; the North American Steeplechase Handicap and the Spinaway, Aug. 15; the Saratoga Special and the Travers, Aug. 16. . . . **Atlantic City**: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 23. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station at 10:50 A.M.)

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J.; through Sunday, Aug. 10.) . . . ¶ Essex Invitation Tournament. (Manchester, Mass.; starting Monday, Aug. 11.) . . . ¶ Newport Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I.; starting Monday, Aug. 11.) . . . ¶ Wightman Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 16-17.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays, except Aug. 7, at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . **Saratoga Springs, N.Y.**: Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Aug. 23. . . . **Goshen, N.Y.**: Thursday and Friday, Aug. 7-8, at 1:30 P.M.

Yachting—Great South Bay Race Week. (Great River, L.I.; through Saturday, Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass.; through Sunday, Aug. 10.) . . . ¶ Championship Races on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Saturday, Aug. 9; Stamford Yacht Club, Sunday, Aug. 10; New Rochelle Yacht Club, Saturday, Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Atlantic Coast Star Championship. (Bellport, L.I. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 12-16.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. Other groups convene in smaller rooms, which have simultaneous-interpretation equipment. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Trains to Great Neck are met at frequent intervals by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Flower Show—The annual exhibition of gladioli, this year for the benefit of Lenox Hill Hospital. (Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St. Tuesday, Aug. 12, from 2:30 to 10 P.M., and Wednesday, Aug. 13, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Drama of the Telescope." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

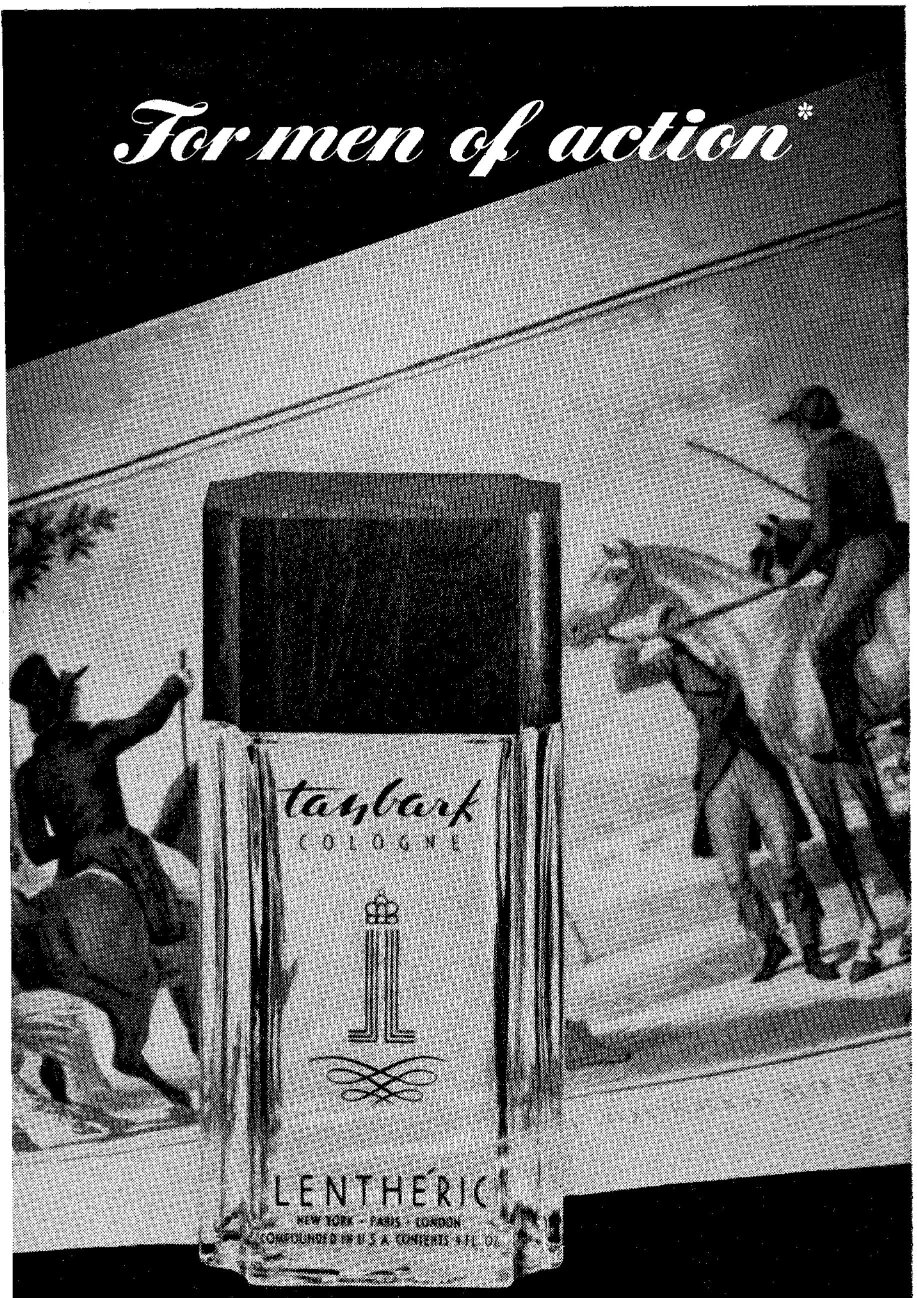
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty photographs of last-century New York slums, such as five-cent lodging houses, sweatshops, and ragpickers' dens. They were taken by Jacob A. Riis with one of the first flashlight cameras, in his efforts to interest the public in slum clearance. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Sunday, Aug. 10, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ "The Medium," with the original cast, and "The Telephone," with a C.B.S. cast, both backed up by the C.B.S. Symphony, Sunday, Aug. 10, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Maggie Teyte, soprano, Monday, Aug. 11, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Friday, Aug. 8 (from London), and Friday, Aug. 15 (from Paris), both at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—Some good dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some good acting by Fredric March, but not enough to warrant your taking this three-hour epic as seriously as it takes itself. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642; through Aug. 13.)

CROSSFIRE—An unpretentious mystery film, put together along standard lines but sharpened occasionally by candid talk about anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is excellent as a soldier ridden by race prejudice, and most of the others in the picture are competent, too. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

DEAD OF NIGHT—A series of eerie episodes that includes everything from Death disguised as a bus driver to a ventriloquist's dummy that succeeds in dominating its master. Michael Redgrave is supported by a skilled cast. An English film. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Aug. 8-10. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Aug. 12.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—The Dickens story of Pip, the blacksmith's apprentice who becomes a London dandy, translated to the screen with fidelity and charm by an English company. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Aug. 12.)

THE HUCKSTERS—This interpretation of the Frederic Wakeman novel contains some funny stuff but gets awfully lumpy, just as the book did, when it tries to deal with romance. Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Adolphe Menjou, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—A once-over-lightly of the novel, which stands up pretty nicely. Ronald Colman, a satisfactory movie Apley, is assisted by Percy Waram, Richard Haydn, and Mildred Natwick. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Aug. 7. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 11.)

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET—Edmund Gwenn as an old gentleman who throws Macy's into a turmoil because he's convinced that he's Santa Claus. A pleasant fantasy, edged with some neat satire on business methods and the presumptions of psychiatry. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 11-13.)

ODD MAN OUT—The first half of this English picture is as tense as they come, depicting James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. The second part, however, gets all tangled up in baffling symbolism. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Aug. 11.)

OPEN CITY—A deeply moving Italian film that describes the functioning of the Roman underground. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

THE OVERLANDERS—An exciting and vivid Australian semi-documentary describing the transfer of a thousand head of cattle from the northern territory of Australia southeastward to Queensland during 1942, when the Japanese were just over the antipodean horizon. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 7.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—In this reworking of the Broadway play, Humphrey Bogart plays the painter who likes to choke his wives once he has finished their portraits, and he's very sinister and alarming. Barbara Stanwyck is one of the endangered brides and manages to survive him. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 8-12. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; Aug. 9-12.)

THE YEARLING—An adaptation of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel about a boy and a fawn in the Florida hinterlands in 1878. Claude Jarman, Jr., is superb as the young hero. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Aug. 12.)

REVIVALS

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant and Priscilla Lane. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Aug. 12.)

BLACKMAIL (1939)—Oklahoma oil wells, chain gangs, and Edward G. Robinson. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Aug. 12.)

UN CARNET DE BAL (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID (1946)—Charles Coburn as a Southern newspaperman battling civic evildoers in a Georgia town. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Aug. 11-12.)

DUST BE MY DESTINY (1939)—Underworld romance. With Priscilla Lane and John Garfield. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; starting Aug. 8.)

FANTASIA (1940)—The Disney mixture with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

48 HOURS (1944)—A British piece about an imaginary invasion of England by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 12-13.)

GOLDEN BOY (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT (1943)—A British patrol lost in the Libyan desert. With Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; Aug. 10-13.)

JANE EYRE (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane, and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; through Aug. 9.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Aug. 10-11.)

NOTHING SACRED (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery concerning Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—That famous Russian job. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

THE PURPLE HEART (1944)—About the Japanese trial of the captured Tokyo raiders. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, and John Craven. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 10-11.)

THE RAINBOW (1944)—A Russian film concerning the German occupation of a Ukrainian village. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. An English picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 12-13.)

THE SEA WOLF (1941)—Jack London's story, revised once more. With Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 11-13.)

SMOKY (1946)—Fred MacMurray and Burl Ives in an easygoing adaptation of the Will James novel. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting Aug. 13.)

THE SON OF THE SHEIK (1926)—The old one, with Rudolph Valentino. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

THE SPANISH EARTH (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

STATE FAIR (1945)—Champion pigs, young love, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 8-10.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—A French film concerning a lottery and a country inn. Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

A YANK IN LONDON (1946)—Wartime romance between an American sergeant and the daughter of a duke. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger. An English picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 8-11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Aug. 7: "Die Dreigroschenoper" (1930). . . . ¶ Aug. 8-10: "M" (1931), directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 11: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931). Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum desk.

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THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
Through Aug. 13: **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.**

BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
"Lady of Burlesque," revival, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Great John L.," revival, Greg McClure.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
THE HUCKSTERS.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Brute Force," Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn.

HOLLYWOOD, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Possessed," Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Welcome Stranger," Bing Crosby, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," Mark Stevens, June Haver.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Aug. 13: "Dishonored Lady," Hedy Lamarr, Dennis O'Keefe, John Loder.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Aug. 7: "Cry Wolf," Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck.
From Aug. 8: **DUST BE MY DESTINY**, revival; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Gunfighters," Randolph Scott.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Green for Danger," Leo Genn, Trevor Howard.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
FANTASIA, revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Star Without Light" (in French).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.

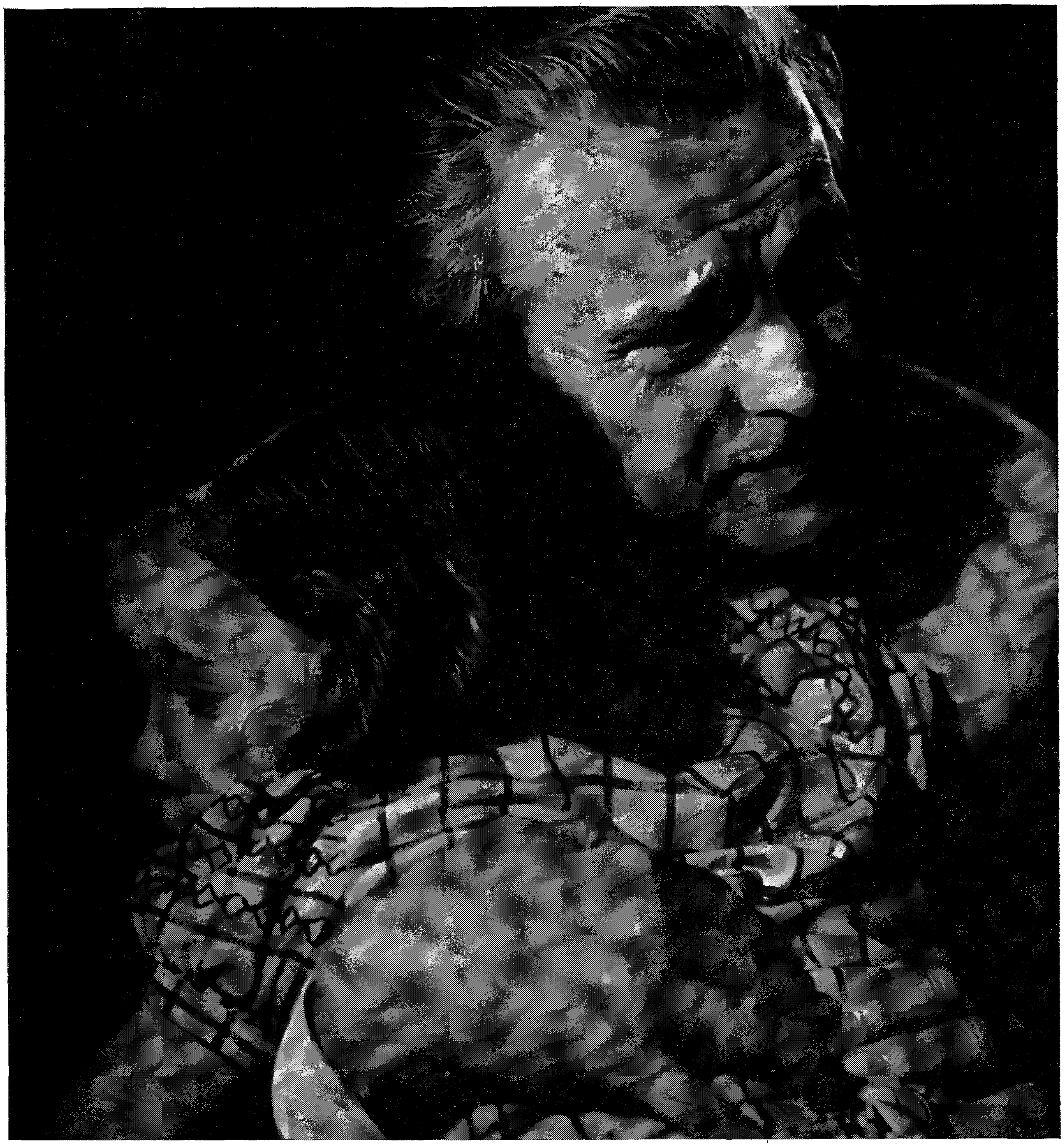


Photo by Ben

Only Your Help Can Give Them Hope Now

When cancer strikes, a family needs help desperately. A father is driven to distraction by his inability to provide funds and treatment for his loved ones.

This is only one case, typical of thousands of American families which are stricken each year by this painful, ruthless killer.

The National Cancer Foundation is the only organization solely devoted to the care and treatment of Advanced Cancer Patients.

It provides specialized nursing care for victims bedridden in their homes. It gives cheerful, comfortable surroundings and makes available the costly equipment and service so urgently needed for Advanced Cancer Patients in hospitals. It helps relieve the financial burdens of families stricken by cancer's tragedy.

Your contribution will enable the National Cancer Foundation to carry on this service to cancer victims. Thousands of Advanced Cancer Patients *and their families* look to you for help. Send your contribution today to

The National Cancer Foundation

Abbott Kimball, *President*

Griffin Building • 85 Franklin St. • New York 13, N. Y.

MAKE-UP...

brilliantly contrived to achieve the natural look that is the Monteil signature. For radiant enhancement, the gay perfection of *Theatre Red* or *Geranium* lipstick and rouge, both exclusive, both original with

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

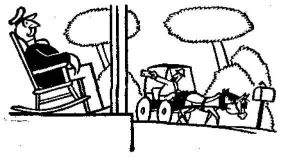
Notes and Comment

New Day Note: The side door of one of the big furniture houses on Fourteenth Street bears the legend "Co-Workers' Entrance."

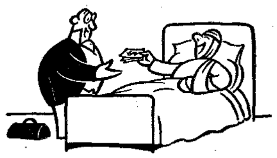
Southern Comfort Note: The speed limit in Lively, Virginia, is five miles an hour.

Confusion in High Places Note: Mr. H. Hume Wrong is the Canadian Ambassador to the United States, whereas Mr. H. Hume Wright is only the Third Secretary of the Canadian Embassy.

A FRIEND of ours who is rusticating in a rented pleasure dome at Wellfleet, Massachusetts, has copied out and sent us a passage from a book, published in 1884, he found in his landlord's library, "Truro; Cape Cod, or Land Marks and Sea Marks," by Shebnah Rich. "Fifty years ago," it reads, "a short sail in the weekly packet, with the traditional 'cap'n,' set the visitor face to face with the Cape families. They lived happily and contentedly, and very much as had the generation who had preceded them. Here was rest, and peace, and comfort. A luxury, it sometimes may be, not to have the conveniences and modern improvements; not to vibrate by the pendulum of society: to enjoy for a season blunt hospitality, homespun manners, old-fashioned freedom, and a mail once a week. . . . As railroads and other innovations have pushed in, bringing facilities, simplicity and hearty good cheer and old-fashioned good breeding have pushed out, taking oceans of home comforts with them. Great improvements are great vandals to the peace of a quiet country home. The railroad and modern trunk are great levelers." We agree. To hell with the modern trunk, we say. Let us all stop vibrating for a while, and we may see the return of hospitality, manners, and hearty good cheer. Maybe even peace.

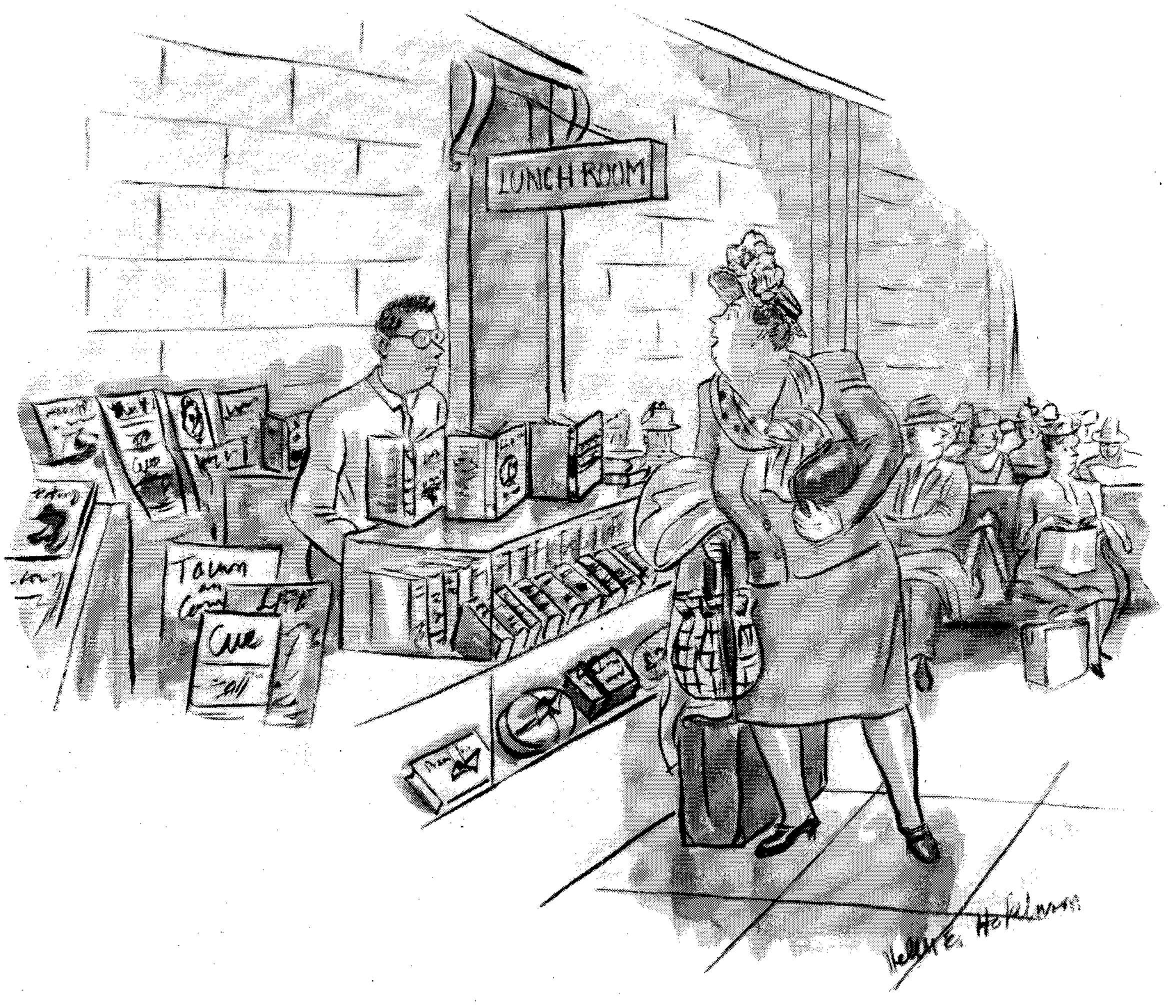


RECENTLY, Governor Dewey declared a week both Noise Abatement Week and Boys and Girls Week, and his office explained that the year no longer contains a sufficient number of weeks for all the groups and movements that want one to themselves. We think that Governor Dewey made a fairly nice combination and that no apology was necessary, and, moreover, that the idea of combining related Weeks could be carried further, to give American citizens a few blank weeks when they could just concentrate on getting their work done. Thus, Pay Your Doctor Week could be merged with Laugh Week, Nationally Advertised Brands Week could be combined with National Packaging Week, Posture Week could be condensed to two days and fitted in at the end of Swim for Health Week, and Honey Week and Ice Tea Week could be poured together—add a jigger of lemon juice, two shots of rye whiskey, and call it National Head Cold Week. We are waiting for the lead to come, as is usual in such national matters, from the gubernatorial mansion in Albany.



A DAY or so after the Roman Singers of Sacred Music, known as the Vatican Singers, arrived in this country, we were granted an audience with their director, Msgr. Licinio Refice, in his suite at the Waldorf. Our appointment was for 10 A.M., and it was understood that since the Monsignor speaks little English and we have practically no Italian beyond "*pronto*," an interpreter would be on hand. We showed up a couple of minutes early and found Msgr. Refice seated on a couch in his living room, wearing black clerical trousers and the top of his pajamas. He is a stout, handsome man with shining white hair, black eyes, and an aquiline nose, and even when he was sitting down he kept up a continual movement of his hands, shoulders, and face. On a breakfast tray in front of him were a pot of coffee and a half-eaten pear. There was no interpreter. "*Buon giorno*," Msgr. Refice said with the air of a man who has been warned to expect surprises. "*Pronto*," we said. We eyed each other respectfully. The Monsignor made a sweeping gesture that we took for an invitation either to jump out of the window or to sit down in a chair in front of the window. We chose the chair. The Monsignor obligingly riffled through the morning papers and pointed out to us a photograph of himself conducting his choir on the steps of City Hall. "O'Dwyer," he said. In pantomime, he indicated that his reception had been magnificent. His fingertips went first to his heart, then to his lips. He kissed his fingers, tossed the kiss into the air, shook hands with several imaginary officials, led the choir, dismissed it, got into an open car, waved to the crowds along the streets, accepted their applause, felt the tears streaming down his cheeks, dashed them away, and reached the Waldorf in a veritable Roman triumph.

At that moment, rather to our regret, the interpreter arrived and Msgr. Refice was reduced to using words. He is making his first trip to the United States, he told us, but he has been in South America several times. He had spent hours the night before on the roof of the Essex House—"between two seas of stars," he said, having in mind Cen-



"I want something to keep me out of mischief on the Cape Codder."

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tral Park and the sky. "What feeling! What heart!" Toscanini, the interpreter told us in a helpful aside, is supposed to have called Msgr. Refice the greatest living composer of liturgical music. We asked Msgr. Refice when he began composing. "At thirteen," he said. "And ever since." To date, he has composed thirty-five Masses, twelve oratorios, hundreds of motets, and two operas, the later of which, "Margherita da Cortona," had its première at La Scala in 1938. He has also composed music for religious movies. His favorite movie actress, he said, is Jennifer Jones. This preference is based on her appearance in "The Song of Bernadette." (He had neither seen nor heard of "Duel in the Sun.") From his position as head of the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music in Rome, Msgr. Refice thinks he detects a revival of interest in liturgical music. "The golden age was the age of Palestrina, of course," he said. "Modern trends in music have had little effect on liturgical music. We have no Stravinskys, no Schoenbergs. There is a great admiration in Italy for American jazz, but our imitations are very bad. I like to listen to American jazz on records."

The Monsignor assembled his choir three months ago, taking it for the most part from the choirs of St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, St. John Lateran, and Santa Maria Maggiore. It consists of thirty adults and twenty-four boys, and will give ninety-nine concerts in this country, Canada, and Honolulu before returning home in November. In Chicago, where Mother Cabrini died, the choir will sing the American première of a Mass that Msgr. Refice composed last year in honor of her canonization. He hit on the main theme of the composition when he noticed that the first three letters of Mother Cabrini's name could stand for *do*, *la*, and *ti*. "Once I had that," he said with an embracing gesture, "I had everything."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On the Union Turnpike, in Queens, a short way beyond Futura Homes, there's a development called Eventual Homes.

A sign in Daytona Beach, Florida, reads, "Halifax Motors. Reliable Since 1922."

Helpless

A TROUBLED traveller has just communicated to us an experience he had the other morning in the coffee shop of a hotel in Providence. "I ordered two soft-boiled eggs," he writes, in a shaky hand. "The waitress bustled away, but in a couple of minutes she was back. 'I'm sorry, sir,' she told me, 'but we're not serving boiled eggs this morning. Our egg-boiling machine is out of order.'"

Full-Face

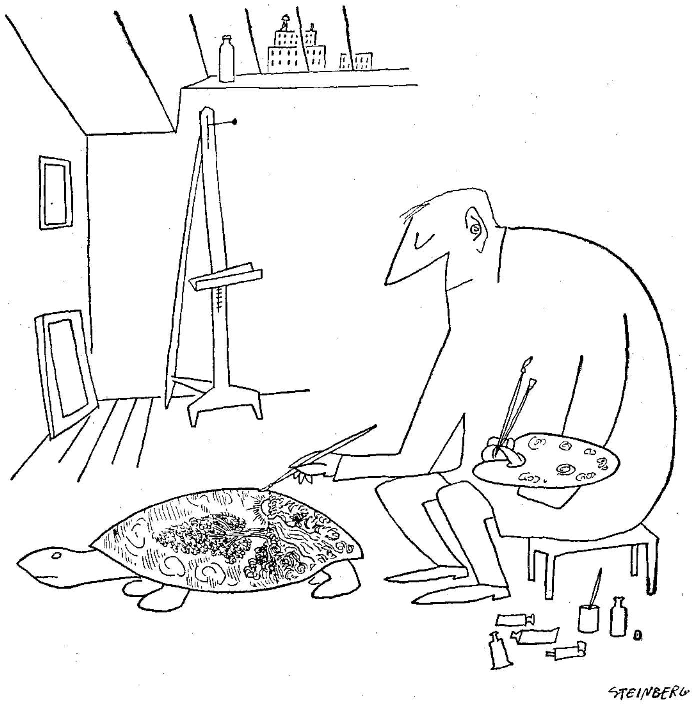
MANY of the photographs of tots in rompers, Roy Rogers sweatshirts, sleeping garments, and so on that will be appearing in the big mail-order catalogues next spring will be taken next month by Warsaw & Co., an intrepid advertising-art studio at 40 East Thirty-fourth Street. Such is the capricious way children grow and the consequent high rate of obsolescence among child models that, before undertaking this unconscionable task, Warsaw & Co. are in the habit of notifying the young models listed by the various agencies to come to the studio on an appointed day to be measured, sized up in general, and classified. When a call went out last week, we got wind of it and decided to go over ourself. Upon our arrival, we found Mr. John J. Warsaw, president of the company, standing by his eighteenth-floor window with a sextant, taking practice sights on the gold ball of an Altman flagpole, which was conveniently visible above the skyline. We thought at first that Mr. Warsaw might be getting his instrument adjusted for use on the children, but he explained that its presence was purely coincidental and that he is the

Commodore of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club in Port Washington. "I polish my sextant in the old-fashioned way," he told us. "I use tobacco ashes."

We got from sextant to children, and Mr. Warsaw led us into a large room filled with cameras, photographic properties, members of his staff, mothers, and children. The measuring, inspecting, and cataloguing were being done by a number of obviously competent young women, and they proceeded with the matter-of-factness and dispatch of a wartime Army induction center. The system was about the same, too. As each mother entered the room, she was given a card on which to write her child's name, address, birth date, telephone number, and model agency. Then mother and child moved on to a young lady who stood each child against a section of wall that had been suitably calibrated in inches, and measured his or her height. Next, they progressed to a stool, upon which the child stood while chest, waist, and hip sizes were ascertained with a tape measure. Then came weight, and after that the last stop, where the measurements were entered on a card, together with certain comments and notations that would enable the Warsaw people to select a particular model for a particular job. All models are graded for general desirability from one to four. No. 1 is the least desirable. The worst thing that can happen to a model between grading and a call to the studio for photographing is loss of front teeth, Mr. Warsaw told us. "We think we're getting a fine-looking kid and he shows up with a big hole under his nose, and we can't use him." As we watched at the last stop, we noted that the report card of a gangling, red-headed boy was being marked "2" and that the figure was followed by a curious symbol, which resembled a question mark without the dot. "That means his ears stick out," one of the young ladies in charge whispered to us. "We usually shoot them full-face, and if the ears stick out, it's bad."

At that moment, a freckle-faced boy and his mother came up, and the young lady said to him, "Oh, I remember your picture from the winter catalogue—you were union suit." "That's right," the boy's mother said with an approving smile. "He wears a size eleven. After I had his communion picture taken and showed it around, all my friends just insisted I get him into modelling. Right off the bat, he was union suit." An eight-year-old from Cresskill, New Jersey, went down the line with a golf-ball-size wad of gum in his left cheek. "He's very photogenic," his mother said to us. "He's a perfect size ten. He weighs sixty-five pounds and drinks four quarts of milk a day. You wouldn't think he has Indian blood in him, would you? His father is part English and part Cherokee."

Mr. Warsaw told us that the children—or, rather, their mothers—get from seven-fifty to ten dollars an hour for modelling. If, after a child shows up, he starts crying, the appointment is cancelled but the fee is paid. "We don't try to pacify them," Mr. Warsaw said. "After an upset, you never can get the expression you want." Most photographs are taken out of doors, to get the benefit of natural lighting, and the old World's Fair grounds in Flushing are a favorite site, because of the low horizon. Recently, one of Mr. Warsaw's photographers had a tough time out there trying to persuade a four-year-old to pose on top of a five-foot wall. To reassure him, another cameraman finally had to stand on the wall beside him; afterward, this man was cut out of the picture. Once the photograph had been taken, the boy wandered off, clambered up a twenty-foot-high wall, and refused to come down. Made quite an extensive stay of it.



Phonetics

GENTLEMAN named Watlington tells us he called the office of the New York Yankees football club to ask that a schedule of their games for the coming season be sent to him. They said they'd be glad to mail him a copy, and he thanked them and made the further request that if the schedule should be changed, he'd like to have the new one sent him—Watlington, care of Muir & Company, 9 Rockefeller Plaza. He got the schedule in the mail next morning, addressed to Harvey Newins, ℅ Watlington, Muir & Co., 9 Rockefeller Plaza.

Coöperative Hams

SINCE mid-June, certain radio hams of the International Amateur Radio Union, which has a worldwide membership of a hundred thousand, have been broadcasting and rebroadcasting information about the activities of the various United Nations agencies, in order to spread enlightenment around the globe. The other evening, we called on Mr. George Bailey, president of the I.A.R.U., who broadcasts over Station W2KH from the bedroom of his apartment, at 1 East Seventy-ninth Street, his home being also the headquarters of the Institute of Radio Engineers, of which he is executive secretary. With him when we arrived was Brigadier General Frank Stoner, a retired Army Signal Corps officer now serving as Chief Communications Engineer for the United Nations. Five or six months ago, General Stoner got the idea of utilizing the far-flung facilities of the radio hams to disseminate United Nations information. Mr. Bailey is one of five local amateurs who, when the General's plan had been endorsed by the U.N. officials and the I.A.R.U., agreed to send dispatches out in English from this area to hams in other regions of the country and abroad, who in turn agreed to pass them along to other hams, who would continue the relay, and so on. The communiqués thus disseminated are prepared especially by the Department of Public Information at United Nations headquarters.

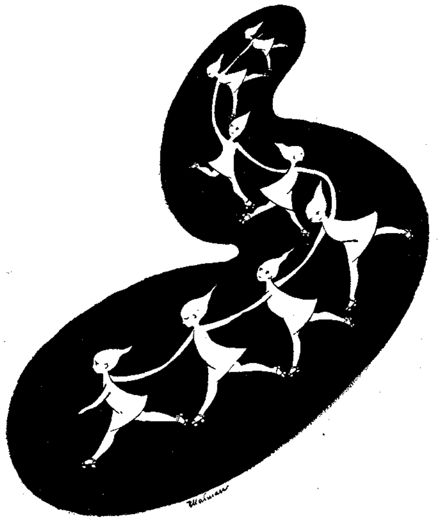
Mr. Bailey and his fellows transmit the bulletins both by voice and by international code. Either way, they take it easy. If they are speaking, they speak slowly, so that those at the receiving end can copy down their words if they understand English reasonably well. If they are sending by code, they tap out the dots and dashes at an eighteen-word-a-minute rate (all American amateurs have to be able to handle thirteen words to get their licenses, but the average good operator can handle between twenty and twenty-five, and hams in all countries seem to be able to keep up with the eighteen readily), so that even non-English-speaking operators can record a dispatch, letter by letter. The assumption is that later they will get some polyglot friend to translate their transcript into whatever language they understand. The I.A.R.U. hopes to broaden its scope greatly by sending bulletins out from here in a number of foreign languages. As many as twenty-five languages have been suggested, which, it is calculated, would cover fifty-five countries.

General Stoner and Mr. Bailey briefed us in the foregoing, and when it came time for the latter to start working on his equipment in preparation for a broadcast, the General supplied us with some biographical data on him. Mr. Bailey was, in 1935, the first ham to make contact with Europe on a five-metre band; he installed a wireless telephone in his automobile in 1933 and threw it out in 1940, when he got bored with it; from 1930 to 1941 he served as liaison man between the Grenfell mission to Labrador and the rest of the world; and during the war he held six national-defense titles, the shortest of which was Chief Radio Aide of the Military District of Washington. His duties with the Institute of Radio Engineers make up a full-time job. He was sixty last May, and he's amateur in name only.

At eight-forty-five, Bailey tapped out his call letters and began sending a dispatch in international code. He continued steadily for nineteen minutes, except for one brief interruption, during which he turned and said gloomily, "That word 'committee' again—seven dashes in a row." When he had completed the message, he changed coils on his set, switched to another antenna, pressed a transmitter button, and did the job over, by voice—a five-minute stint. He concluded by telling the members of his audience that if they wanted to become United Nations Radio Aides they should notify General Stoner at United Nations Headquarters, and that written acknowledgments of having heard the broadcast would be welcomed by both him and General Stoner. "That's that," Bailey then said cheerfully to us. "I'll repeat by voice at ten-thirty and get some more listeners." He busied himself further and tenderly with his coils, tubes, frequency meters, and whatnot, and General Stoner took the opportunity to tell us that the United Nations Department of Public Information is extremely anxious to get acknowledgments of the amateur broadcasts. "Eventually, if we get enough of them," he said, "we will have what amounts to a kind of international Hooper rating. We'll be able to find out what kind of programs go best in what countries. And all this should benefit the amateurs themselves a lot, too. For years, they've been telling each other how to get the most volume out of a low-power set and talking about the probable height of the Kennelly-Heaviside layer. Now they'll be talking back and forth about live issues, finding out what other people's thoughts and opinions are. And there's another important point to remember. This amateur network is the only one I know of on which you can cut in on a speaker and tell him you disagree with him. Imagine what would happen if you could interrupt a commentator on a commercial station and tell him he's all wet!"

Deadlock

A LOCAL matron ordered a summer dress at Arnold Constable some weeks ago, and when it got to her home, she found two labels affixed to it. One read, "We Recommend Dry Cleaning," and the other "Washing Instructions: Just toss it in the tub." She's so mixed up that she still hasn't got around to wearing the dress.



Normalize!

HAVING recently attended such sporty events as the psychiatrists' and pediatricians' conventions, we dropped in last week on the Golden Jubilee Congress of the American Naturopathic Association ("The Original and Parent American Naturopathic Association Founded by Dr. Benedict Lust in 1896"), which met in the grand and east ballrooms of the Commodore for seven days running to listen to learned and up-to-the-minute papers, such as "Some Frequently Overlooked Aspects of the Vegetarian Movement," "Vivisection—Its Uselessness and Harm to Humanity," "Don't Cure—Normalize!," "The Effect of Nicotine on the Human Body," and "Ancient Indian Yoga Lore and Nature Cure." By the time we got to the Congress, yoga had, unluckily, come and gone. The speaker on the dais was a plump, ruffled-looking man, who gave the impression of being a long way from Nirvana. We have no idea what he was talking about, because the amplifying system was off and the air-conditioning machinery was on, emitting a deep-throated hum. From where we stood, in the doorway, we could see the poor fellow's mouth open and shut like that of a goldfish gasping for oxygen, but the only word that carried across the cold, synthetic air to us was "walliwoo."

We abandoned the speaker for the east ballroom, which was filled with a number of informative exhibits, among them a large, coffin-shaped apparatus called a Spinalator ("Spinal Manipulation Without Manual Labor"), boxes of wheat germ and non-animal gelatin, an empty booth marked "Tribute to Bernarr Macfadden, Father of Physical Culture," and high stacks of pamphlets attacking cigarettes and coffee. "Does cigarette smoking tend to make the boy or girl careless and unreliable?" one pamphlet asked, and answered, "Yes. The smoke is inhaled into the lungs, the poison gases are communicated through the blood to the brain and to the nerve centers that control the moral sensibilities, stupefying and destroying. Soon the fine edge of moral distinction is so blunted that the difference between right and wrong is blurred." A brochure issued by the Human Engineering Foundation, of Summit, New

MIXED DOUBLES

AS Jane Collins walked out onto the court behind her husband, she felt once more the private, strong thrill of pride that had moved her again and again in the time she had known him. Jane and Stewart had been married six years, but even so, as she watched him stride before her in that curious upright, individual, half-proud, half-comic walk, like a Prussian drill sergeant on his Sunday off, Jane felt the same mixture of amusement and delight in him that had touched her so strongly when they first met. Stewart was tall and broad and his face was moody and good-humored and original, and Jane felt that even at a distance of five hundred yards and surrounded by a crowd of people, she could pick him out unerringly. Now, in well-cut white trousers and a long-sleeved Oxford shirt, he seemed elegant and a little old-fashioned among the other players, and he looked graceful and debonair as he hit the first few shots in the preliminary rallying.

Jane was sensibly dressed, in shorts and tennis shirt, and her hair was imprisoned in a bandanna, so that it wouldn't get into her eyes. She knew that the shorts made her look a little dumpy and that the handkerchief around her head gave her a rather skinned and severe appearance, and she had a slight twinge of female regret when she looked across the net and saw Eleanor Burns soft and attractive in a prettily cut tennis dress and with a red ribbon in her hair, but she fought it down and concentrated on keeping her eye on the ball as Mr. Croker, Eleanor's partner, sliced it back methodically at her.

Mr. Croker, a vague, round, serious little man, was a neighbor of the Collinses' hosts. His shorts were too tight for him, and Jane knew, from having watched him on previous occasions, that his face would get more serious and more purple as the afternoon wore on, but he played a steady, dependable game and he was useful when other guests were too lazy or had drunk too much at lunch to play in the afternoon.

Two large oak trees shaded part of the court, and the balls flashed back and forth, in light and shadow, making guitarlike chords as they hit the rackets, and on the small terrace above the court, where the other guests were lounging, there was the watery music of ice in glasses and the bright flash of summer colors as people moved about.

How pleasant this was, Jane thought—to get away from the city on a week-end, to this cool, tree-shaded spot, to slip all the stiff bonds of business and city living and run swiftly on the springy surface of the court, feeling the country wind against her bare skin, feeling youth in her legs, feeling, for this short Sunday hour at least, free of desks and doors and weekday concrete.

Stewart hit a tremendous overhead smash, whipping all the strength of his long body into it, and the ball struck the ground at Eleanor's feet and slammed high in the air. He grinned. "I'm ready," he said.

"You're not going to do that to me in the game, are you?" Eleanor asked.

"I certainly am," Stewart said. "No mercy for women. The ancient motto of the Collins family."

They tossed for service, and Stewart won. He served and aced Eleanor with a twisting, ferocious shot that spun off at a sharp angle.

"Jane, darling," he said, grinning, as he walked to the other side, "we're going to be sensational today."

They won the first set with no trouble. Stewart played very well. He moved around the court swiftly and easily, hitting the ball hard in loose, well-coached strokes, with an almost exaggerated grace. Again and again, the people watching applauded or called out after one of his shots, and he waved his racket, smiling at them, and said, "Oh, we're murderous today." He kept humming between shots—a tuneless, happy composition of his own—like a little boy who is completely satisfied with himself, and Jane couldn't help smiling and adoring him as he lightheartedly dominated the game and the spectators and the afternoon, brown and dashing and handsome in his white clothes, with the sun flooding around him like a spotlight on an actor in the middle of the stage.

CONEY ISLAND EXP
TIMES SQUARE

Occasionally, when Stewart missed a shot, he would stand, betrayed and tragic, and stare up at the sky and ask with mock despair, "Collins, why don't you just go home?" And then he would turn to Jane and say, "Janie, darling, forgive me. Your husband's just no good."

And even as she smiled at him and said, "You're so right," she could sense the other women, up on the terrace, looking down at him, their eyes speculative and veiled and lit with invitation as they watched.

Jane played her usual game, steady, unheroic, getting almost everything back quite sharply, keeping the ball in play until Stewart could get his racket on it and kill it. They were a good team. Jane let Stewart poach on her territory for spectacular kills, and twice Stewart patted her approvingly on the behind after she had made difficult saves, and there were appreciative chuckles from the spectators at the small domestic vulgarity.

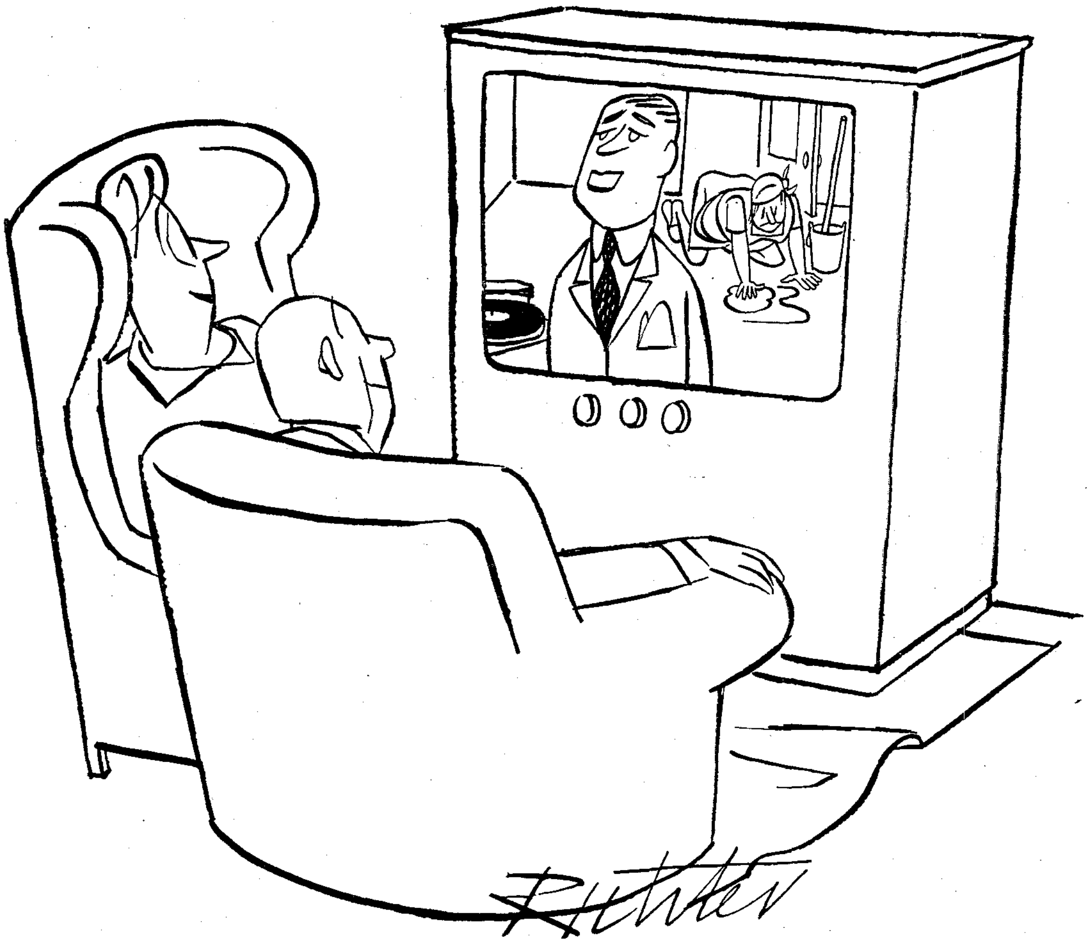
Stewart made the last point of the set on a slamming deep backhand that passed Eleanor at the net. Eleanor shook her head and said, "Collins, you're an impossible man," and Croker said stolidly, "Splendid. Splendid," and Stewart said, grinning, "Something I've been saving for this point, old man."

They walked off and sat down on a bench in the shade between sets, and Croker and Jane had to wipe their faces with towels and Croker's alarming purple died a little from his cheeks.

"That overhead!" Eleanor said to Stewart. "It's absolutely frightening. When I see you winding up, I'm just tempted to throw away my poor little racket and run for my life."

Jane lifted her head and glanced swiftly at Stewart to see how he was taking it. He was taking it badly, smiling a little too widely at Eleanor, being boyish and charming. "It's nothing," he said. "Something I picked up on Omaha Beach."

That, too, Jane thought bitterly. Foxhole time, too. She ducked her head into her towel to keep from saying something wifely. This is the last time, she thought, feeling the towel sticky against her sweaty forehead, the last time I am coming to any of these week-end things, always loaded with unat-



"And with the playing of our national anthem, we bid you good night and sign off until tomorrow morning at seven o'clock."

tached or semi-attached, man-hungry, half-naked, honey-mouthed girls. She composed her face, so that when she looked up from the towel she would look like a nice, serene woman who merely was interested in the next set of tennis.

Eleanor, who had wide green eyes, was staring soberly and unambiguously over the head of her racket at Stewart, and Stewart, fascinated, as always, and a little embarrassed, was staring back. Oh, God, Jane thought, the long stare, too.

"Well," she said briskly, "I'm ready for one more set."

"What do you say," Stewart asked, "we divide up differently this time? Might make it more even. Croker and you, Jane, and the young lady and me."

"Oh," said Eleanor, "I'd be a terrible drag to you, Stewart. And besides, I'm sure your wife loves playing on your side."

"Not at all," Jane said stiffly. The young lady! How obvious could a man be?

"No," said Croker surprisingly. "Let's stay the way we are." Jane wanted to kiss the round purple face, a bleak, thankful kiss. "I think we'll do better this time. I've been sort of figuring out what to do with you, Collins."

Stewart looked at him briefly and unpleasantly, then smiled charmingly. "Anything you say, old man. I just thought . . ."

"I'm sure we'll do better," Croker said firmly. He stood up. "Come on, Eleanor."

Eleanor stood up, lithe and graceful in her short dress, which whipped around her brown legs in the summer wind. Never again, Jane thought, will I wear shorts. Dresses like that, even if they cost fifty dollars apiece, and soft false bosoms to put in them, too, and no bandanna, even if I'm blinded on each shot.

Stewart watched Eleanor follow Croker onto the court, and Jane could have brained him for the buried, measuring glint in his eye.

"Let's go," Stewart said, and under his breath, as they walked to their positions on the base line, he added, "Let's really show the old idiot this time, Jane."

"Yes, dear," Jane said, and pulled her bandanna straight and tight around her hair.

THE first three games were ludicrously one-sided. Stewart stormed the net, made sizzling, malicious shots to Croker's feet, and purposely made him run, so that he panted pitifully and grew more purple than ever, and from time to time muttered to Jane, "Ridiculous old windbag," and "I thought he had me figured out," and "Don't let up, Janie, don't let up."

Jane played as usual, steady, undeviating, as predictably and sensibly as she always played. She was serving in the fourth game and was at 40–15 when Stewart dropped a shot just over the net, grinning as Croker galloped heavily in and barely got his racket on it. Croker's return wobbled over Stewart's head and landed three inches beyond the base line.

"Nice shot," she heard Stewart say. "Just in."

She looked at him in surprise. He was nodding his head emphatically at Croker.

Eleanor was at the net on the other side, looking at Stewart. "It looked out to me," she said.

"Not at all," Stewart said. "Beautiful shot. Serve them up, Janie."

Oh, Lord, Jane thought, now he's being sporting.

Jane made an error on the next point and Croker made a placement for advantage and Stewart hit into the net for the last point, and it was Croker's and Eleanor's game. Stewart came back to receive the service, not humming any more, his face irritable and dark.

Croker suddenly began to play very well, making sharp, sliding, slicing shots that again and again forced Stewart and Jane into errors. As they played, even as she swung at the ball, Jane kept remembering the shot that Stewart had called in, that had become the turning point of the set. He had not been able to resist the gallant gesture, especially when Eleanor had been standing so close, watching it all. It was just like Stewart.

Jane shook her head determinedly, trying to concentrate on the game. This was no time to start dissecting her husband. They had had a lovely weekend till now and Stewart had been wonderful, gay and funny and loving, and criticism could at least be reserved for weekdays, when everything else was dreary, too. But it *was* just like Stewart. It was awful how everything he did was all of a piece. His whole life was crowded with gestures. Hitting his boss that time in the boss's own office with three secretaries watching, because the boss had bawled him out. Giving up his R.O.T.C. commission and going into the Army as a private, in 1942. Giving five thousand dollars, just about the last of their savings, to Harry Mather, for Mather's business, just because they had gone to school together, when everyone knew Mather had become a hopeless drunk and none of his other friends would chip in. To an outsider, all these might seem the acts of a generous and rather noble character, but to a wife, caught in the consequences . . .

"Damn these pants," Stewart was muttering after hitting a ball into the net. "I keep tripping over them all the time."

"You ought to wear shorts, like everyone else," Jane said.

"I will. Buy me some this week," Stewart said, taking time out and rolling his cuffs up slowly and obviously. Jane had bought him three pairs of shorts a month before, but he always pretended he couldn't find them, and wore the long trousers. His legs are surprisingly skinny, Jane thought, hating herself for thinking it, and they're hairy, and his vanity won't let him. . . She started to go for a ball, then stopped when she saw Stewart going for it.

He hit it out to the backstop. "Janie, darling," he said, "at least stay out of my way."

"Sorry," she said. Stewie, darling, she thought, Stewie, be careful. Don't lay it on. You're not really like this. I know you're not. Even for a moment, don't make it look as though you are.

Stewart ended the next rally by hitting the ball into the net. He stared unhappily at the ground. "The least they might do," he said in a low voice to Jane, "is roll the court if they invite people to play on it."

Please, Stewie, Jane begged within herself, don't do it. The alibis. The time he forgot to sign the lease for the apartment and they were put out and he blamed it on the lawyer, and the time he lost the job in Chicago and it was because he had gone to the wrong college, and the time. . . By a rigorous act of will, Jane froze her eyes on the ball, kept her mind blank as she hit it back methodically again and again.

Eleanor and Croker kept winning points. Croker had begun to chop every ball, spinning soft, deceptive shots that landed in mid-court and hardly bounced before they fell a second time. The only way that Jane could return them was to hit them carefully, softly, just getting them back. But Stewart kept going in on them furiously, taking his full, beautiful swing, sending the ball whistling into the net or over the court into the backstop. He looked as pretty and expert as ever as he played, but he lost point after point.

"What a way to play tennis," he grumbled, with his back to his opponents. "Why doesn't he play ping-pong or jacks?"

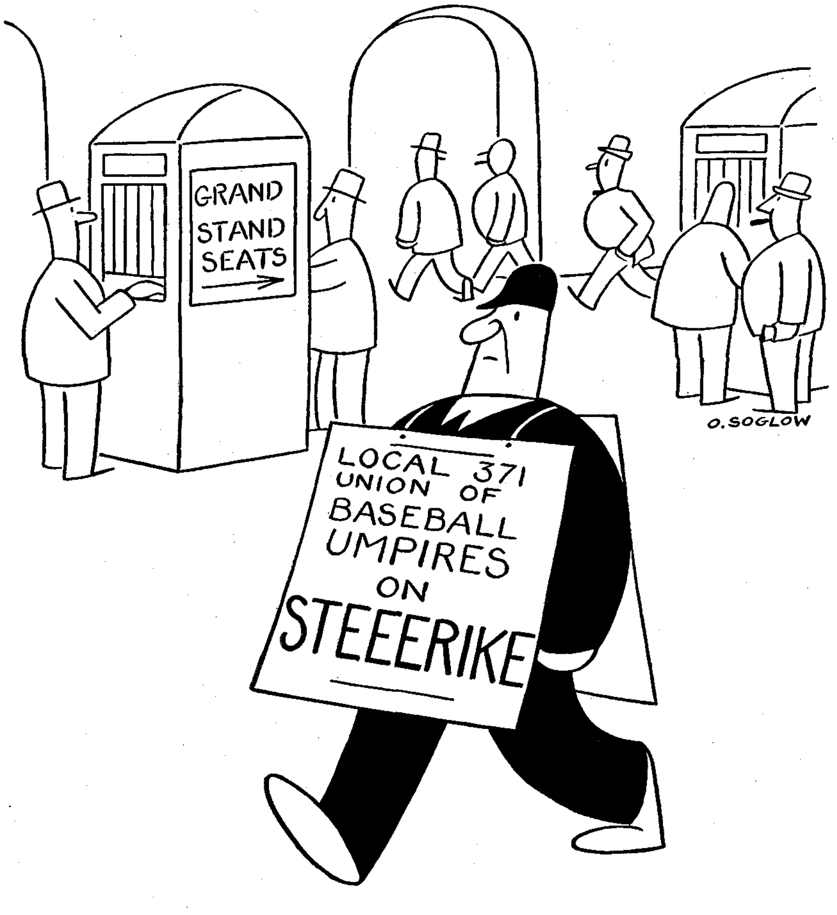
"You can't slam those dinky little shots like that," Janie said. "You have to get them back soft."

"You play your game," Stewart said, "and I'll play mine."

"Sorry," Jane said. Oh, Stewart, she mourned within her.

Stewart went after two more of Croker's soft chops, each time whipping his backhand around in his usual, slightly exaggerated, beautiful stroke, and each time knocking the ball into the net.

I can't help it, Jane thought. That *is* the way he is. Form above everything. If he were hanging over a cliff, he'd let himself fall to the rocks below rather than risk being ungraceful climbing to safety to save his life. He always has to pick up the check in bars and restaurants, no matter whom he is with or how many guests there are at the table, always with the same lordly, laughing, slightly derisive manner, even if we are down to our last fifty dollars. And when they had people in to dinner, there had to be two maids to wait on table, and French wines, and there always had to be those special bottles of brandy that cost as much as a vacation in the country. And he became so cold and remote when Jane argued with him about it, reminding him they were not rich and there was no sense in pretending they were. And his shoes. She blinked her eyes painfully, getting a sudden vision, there in the sun and shadow, of the long row of exquisite shoes, at seventy dollars a pair, that he insisted upon having made to his order. How ridiculous, she thought, to allow yourself to be unnerved at your husband's taste in shoes, and she loyally reminded herself how much a part of his attraction it had been in the beginning that he was always so beautifully


GRAND STAND SEATS
LOCAL 371 UNION OF BASEBALL UMPIRES ON STEEERIKE
O. SOGLOW

dressed and so easy and graceful and careless of money.

THE score was 4–3 in favor of Eleanor and Croker. Stewart's shots suddenly began to work again, and he and Jane took the next game with ease. Stewart's grin came back then, and he cheerfully reassured Jane, "Now we're going to take them." But after winning the first two points of the next game he had a wild streak and missed the base line by a few inches three times in a row, and they eventually lost the game.

I will make no deductions from this, Jane told herself stonily as she went up to the net for Stewart's serve. Anybody is liable to miss a few shots like that—anybody. And yet, how like Stewart! Just when it was most important to be steady and dependable. . . The time she'd been so sick and the maid had quit, and Jane lay, broken and miserable, in bed for three weeks, with no one to take care of her except Stewart. . . He had been charming and thoughtful for the first week, fixing her meals, reading to her, sitting at her side for hours on end, cheerful and obliging, making her illness gently tolerable. And then he had suddenly grown nervous and abrupt, made vague excuses to leave her alone, and vanished for hours at a time, only to come back and hastily attend her for a few moments and vanish again, leaving her there in the rumpled bed, staring, lonely and shaken, at the ceiling as dusk faded into night and night into morning. She had been sure there was another girl then and she had resolved that when she was well and able to move around again, she would come to some decision with him, but as unpredictably as his absences had begun, they stopped. Once more he was tender and helpful, once more he sat at her side and nursed her and cheered her, and out of gratitude and love she had remained quiet and pushed her doubts deep to the back of her mind. And here they were again, in the middle of a holiday afternoon, foolishly, in this most unlikely place, during this mild, pointless game, with half a dozen people lazily watching, laughing and friendly, over their drinks.

She looked at him a few moments later, handsome and dear and familiar at her side, and he grinned back at her, and she was ashamed of herself for the thoughts that had been flooding through her brain. It was that silly girl on the other side of the net who had started it all, she thought. That practiced, obvious, almost automatic technique of flattering the male sex. That meaningless, rather pitiful flirtatiousness. It was foolish to allow it to throw her into the bitter waters of reflection. Marriage, after all, was an up-and-down affair and in many ways a fragile and devious thing, and was not to be examined too closely. Marriage was not a bank statement or a foreign policy or an X-ray photograph in a doctor's hand. You took it and lived through it, and maybe, a long time later—perhaps the day before you died—you totalled up the accounts, if you were of that turn of mind, but not before. And if you were a reasonable, sensible, mature woman, you certainly didn't do your additions and subtractions on a tennis court every time your husband hit a ball into the net.

EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST AND THE TWAIN HAVE APPARENTLY MET

Here where the Mohawk plied
His secret sullen paddle,
The bold Dude Ranchers ride,
Uncertain in the saddle.

Oh, it's East I would be in the wide wild spaces,
East on the old Frontier,
Where the invoice clerk on his pinto races
To bulldog the sulky steer;
East, where the typists ride cayuses,
East, where the mustangs neigh,
And the lariat catches in firs and spruces,
Ki-yi-yippy-yippy-yay!

In the astonished shade
Of elm and maple branches
Canters the gay parade
From Adirondack ranches.

Then hi for the old York State arroyo,
Hi-ee for chaps and quirt,
And the good old Stetson hat, oh, boy-oh,
And the good old purple shirt,
And the cocktail lounge and the old Fun Foreman,
And the band of the Lazy K,
And the piny tang of the cowboy doorman!
Ki-yi-yippy-yippy-yay! —MORRIS BISHOP

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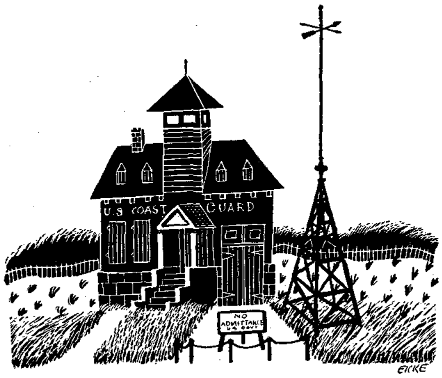


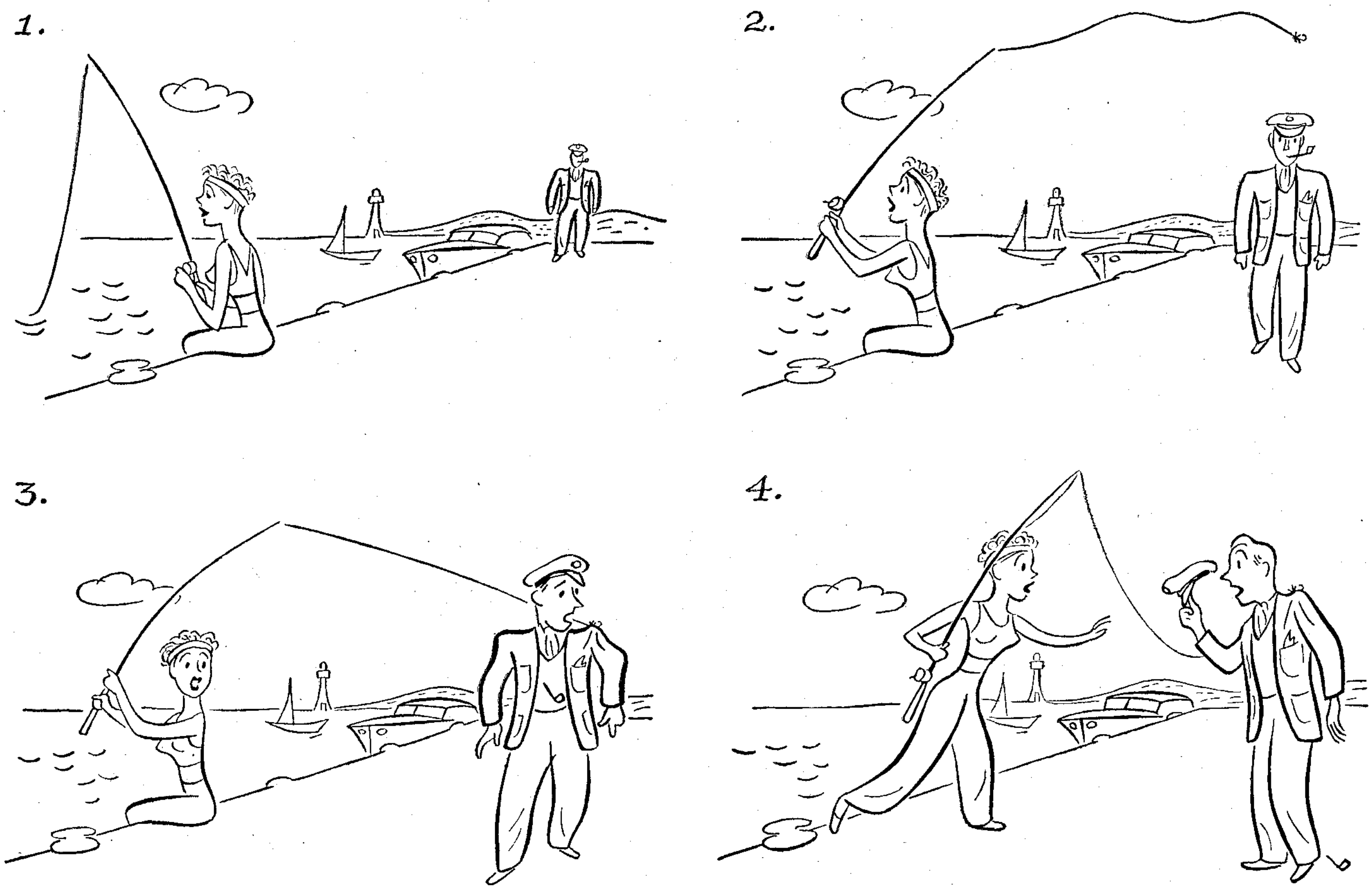
Jane smiled at herself and shook her head.

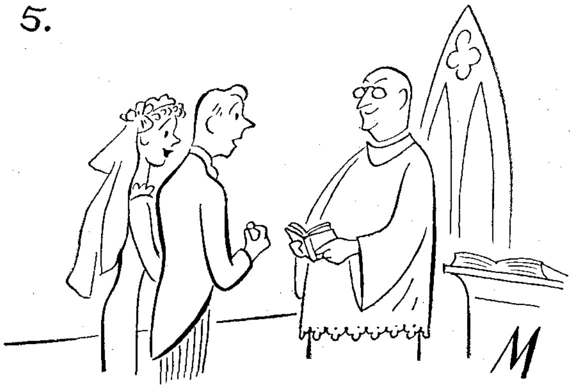
"Nice shot," she said warmly to Stewart as he swept a forehand across court, past Croker, for a point.

But it was still set point. Croker placed himself to receive Stewart's service, tense and determined and a little funny-looking, with his purple face and his serious round body a little too tight under his clothes. The spectators had fallen silent, and the wind had died, and there was a sense of stillness and expectancy as Stewart reared up and served.

Jane was at the net and she heard the sharp twang of Stewart's racket hitting the ball behind her and the rifle-like report as it hit the tape and fell away. He had just missed his first service.

Jane didn't dare look around. She could feel Stewart walking into place, in that stiff-backed, pleasant way of his, and feel him shuffling around nervously, and she couldn't look back. Please, she thought, please get this one in. Helplessly, she thought of all the times when, just at the crucial moment, he had failed. Oh, God, this is silly, she thought. I mustn't do this. The time he had old man Sawyer's account practically in his hands and he got drunk. On the sport-





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ing pages, they called it coming through in the clutch. There were some players who did and some players who didn't, and after a while you got to know which was which. If you looked at it coldly, you had to admit that until now Stewart had been one of those who didn't. The time her father died, just after her sister had run off with the vocalist in that band, and if there had been a man around, taking hold of things, her father's partner wouldn't've been able to get away with most of the estate the way he did, and the vocalist could have been frightened off. One day's strength and determination, one day of making the right move at the right time . . . But after the funeral, Stewart had pulled out and gone to Seattle on what he had said was absolutely imperative business, but that had never amounted to anything anyway, and Jane's mother and sister, and Jane, too, were still paying for that day of failure.

She could sense Stewart winding up for his service behind her back. Somewhere in her spine she felt a sense of disaster. It was going to be a double fault. She knew it. No, she thought, I mustn't. He isn't really like that. He's so intelligent and talented and good, he can go so far. She must not make this terrible judgment on her husband just because of the way he played tennis. And yet, his tennis was so much like his life. Gifted, graceful, powerful, showy, flawed, erratic . . .

Please, she thought, make this one good. Childishly, she felt, If this one is good it will be a turning point, a symbol, his whole life will be different. She hated herself for her thoughts and stared blankly at Eleanor, self-consciously alert and desirable in her pretty dress.

Why the hell did she have to come here this Sunday? Jane thought despairingly.

She heard the crack of the racket behind her. The ball whistled past her, hit the tape, rolled undecidedly on top of the net for a moment, then fell back at her feet for a double fault and the set.

"Too bad." She turned and smiled at Stewart, helplessly feeling herself beginning to wonder how she would manage to find the six weeks it would take in Reno. She shook her head, knowing that she wasn't going to Reno, but knowing, too, that the word would pass through her thoughts again and again, more and more frequently, with growing insistence, as the days went by.

She walked off the court with Stewart, holding his hand.

"The shadows," Stewart was saying. "Late in the afternoon, like this. It's impossible to see the service line."

"Yes, dear," Jane said.

—IRWIN SHAW

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sun? tan in it... sea? spl
earth? get your feet on it..
our Fourth Floor.—*Folder f*
store.

escalator? turn our ank

MATERNAL DEVOTION

"I WAS taught how to make tea by Professor Abernethy in Dresden. He always used an eggcup. Not that his name was Abernethy, or anything like it," Mrs. Finch said to the young man who had come to call on her daughter. "It was more like Euston or Thompson."

As kittens bring in the mice that are too much for them to be finished off by the cat, Cordelia Finch had a habit of depositing any inconvenient suitors with her mother and leaving the rest to nature. When the Finches moved from London to Kent and their new neighbors hastened to call on them, the number of deposited suitors rose sharply. This one was a Mr. Weatherby, who was locally expected to become a member of Parliament when he had matured. Mrs. Finch had told him that Cordelia was not at home, adding, with equal mendacity, that she hoped he would stay and have tea.

"I can't think why I should so persistently call him Abernethy," she continued. "He wasn't in the least like a biscuit."

"Some association of ideas, perhaps," Mr. Weatherby suggested.

"I don't see how it can be, for I detest Abernethy biscuits, and he was such a kind old man. He used to be followed about by a cab."

After a slight pause, Mr. Weatherby said, "Really?"

"His wife had an idea that his legs might give way suddenly," Mrs. Finch said. "He was well over ninety. Do you come of a long-lived family, Mr. Weatherby?"

Mr. Weatherby said guardedly that he had had an aunt.

"Do tell me about her," said Mrs. Finch warmly.

"There isn't much to tell, really. She lived to be eighty and died of a stroke."

"What would you like to die of?" Mrs. Finch asked. "I think, myself, there's a great deal to be said for a general atrophy, for if one has to be a nuisance, it's better not to be an active nuisance. Or would you prefer a sudden death? You might fall off a horse and be carried home dead on a five-barred gate. Do have some more cake."

"Thank you," said Mr. Weatherby. "Why a five-barred gate?"

"It's usually the gate that's nearest, I believe. 'Do the thing that's nearest, Though 'tis dull at whiles,' you know. 'Helping when you meet them—' That always seems to me such an extravagant piece of advice. Why should one help mad dogs over stiles? Why shouldn't they be able to run through underneath, as dogs in their senses do? I don't believe that even a mad dog would lose touch with reality to that extent. Or do you suppose that it really applies to idiot dogs who have lost the use of their legs, unlike Professor Abernethy? Scansion makes poets very servile. Though with a little ingenuity, and if you don't scorn classical diction, why not 'Helping when you meet them Idiot dogs o'er stiles'?"

"I should think it would be rather a waste of time. Besides"—Mr. Weatherby's eye gleamed with the acumen of debate— "how could one help dogs if one didn't meet them?"

"Exactly! Or if there wasn't a stile? Must you drag the poor creature along till you find one? I'm so glad you agree with me about poetry not interfering with one's behavior. Poets should never give good advice unless it's of the most placid description, like not turning aside to view the braes of Yarrow, or '*Prends l'éloquence et tords-lui le cou.*' I suppose chairmen at political meetings never read Verlaine."

Mr. Weatherby looked up as one who sees a momentary lighthouse through the storm. Mrs. Finch smiled at him and swept on. "If I were a poet, I would keep myself entirely to sonnets and advise no one. There are still a great many subjects without sonnets. Have you ever considered writing a sonnet sequence on the nonconforming churches? 'Stern Muggleton,' one of them might begin. And then you could have 'Equestrian Wesley' and 'Leave thou the babe unsprinkled till the work of grace has something-or-othered.'"

"Well, to tell you the worst, you know," Mr. Weatherby said, "I don't read much poetry. I don't seem to be that sort of man."

"I expect you are influenced by it, all the same," Mrs. Finch said. "Everyone is. Do you know that during Wordsworth's lifetime the population of England more than trebled itself?"

Mr. Weatherby said that he supposed Wordsworth lived a long time.

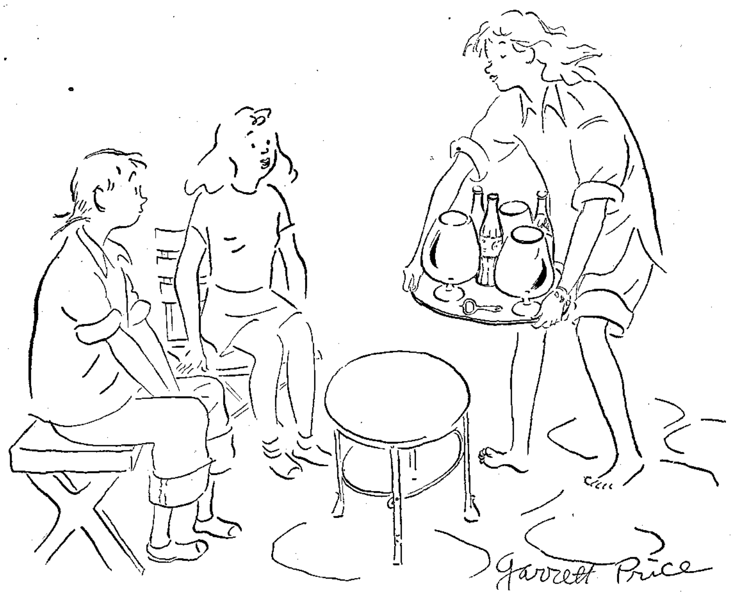
"He died," said Mrs. Finch impressively, "at exactly the same age as your aunt."

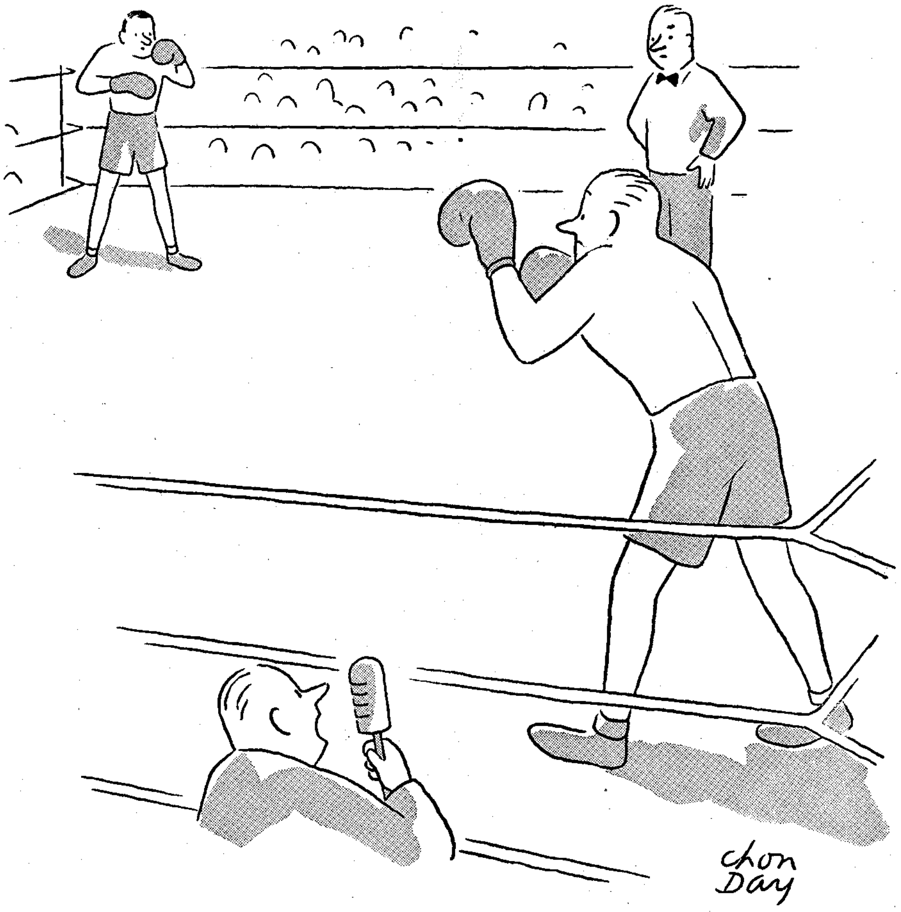
There was a pause. Mrs. Finch broke it. "In Russia, when there is one of these awkward silences, people account for it by saying that a fool has been born."

There was another pause. Mr. Weatherby broke it. "Will your daughter hunt?" (Mr. Weatherby, who had recently put on weight, had a horse to dispose of.)

"I assure you, Mr. Weatherby, any hunting in this family will be done by me. I spend my life hunting. At this moment, I am hunting for—" Mrs. Finch broke off and rummaged among the sofa cushions. "I had the list but I seem to have mislaid it," she said. "But I remember it began with a black bishop —do you play chess?—and Mr. Harley's hat. Do you know Mr. Harley? He tunes pianos. Such a nice, sombre man. If you met him in a pink dressing gown, you wouldn't know him from an El Greco, and it was so unfortunate that he lost his hat somewhere about the place. And then there was my husband's briefcase. It had a corkscrew in it and some other things. And the last thing on the list was the fire extinguisher. It's one of those clever chemical ones—you give them a smart blow and they burst into spray. Are you afraid of fire? Fire breaking out in a lunatic asylum is one of my terrors. I wonder if you are sitting on it. No, no, please don't trouble. It will be none the worse, and anyhow by the time I find it, it will be out of date. Do you think this tea was made with boiling water? I don't."

Looking wistfully to-





"One minute of the round is gone now, and the boys are still showing a healthy respect for each other."

ward the window, Mr. Weatherby said, "I suppose you garden quite a lot."

"I've got a little watering pot. But whenever I find time to use it, it's always raining. Are you good at gardening?"

"Well, no," Mr. Weatherby said. "I spud up daisies sometimes. But my mother's frightfully keen on gardening. So was my old aunt. She gardened right up to the end."

Mrs. Finch nodded sympathetically. "I'm always alarmed when I see people plunge into gardening. Still, if your mother enjoys it . . . Besides, there is the Fifth Commandment. I read right through the Ten Commandments the other day, and I was surprised to find how many of them I agreed with. But it would have saved a lot of talk, as well as being much lighter to carry, if Moses had just boiled them down to one compact little commandment—'Thou shalt not interfere.' I knew a Mrs. Prothero who was perfectly devoted to gardening, and one day when she was being shown around a friend's garden, she saw a weed and tried to pull it up. It happened to be a tight-rooted wolfsbane, and while she was tussling with it, something snapped and she went blind in one eye. Could you have a plainer warning against meddling?"

While Mrs. Finch was relating this story, noises, strongly suggestive of the dangers of meddling, had broken out in the front hall—a crash, an urgent sizzling, angry words, and hurried footsteps. These were now followed by a steady swishing sound, apparently proceeding from the neighborhood of the doorstep.

"I say—" said Mr. Weatherby. Mrs. Finch looked at him devoutly, as though the lightest word from him meant more to her than any of the noises, indoors and out.

"I say!" he repeated. From where he sat, Mr. Weatherby could see a jet of high-pressured spray sweeping across the lawn.

The noises died away. A strong chemical smell remained, and grew stronger.

"I always feel so sorry for Angelo Domodossola," Mrs. Finch said. She had given up waiting for Mr. Weatherby's communication. "He, of course, was born blind, so he got about quite easily. One day, he went to see a friend. He walked right in and called, and as there was no answer, he sat down to wait. It was midwinter, and that bitter Neapolitan cold—you know how it gets into one's bones. At last, he decided to wait no longer. He put down his hand to grope for his hat and gloves and felt something clammy. It was a pool of blood. The friend had been there all the time. He had cut his throat half an hour or so before. I've never felt easy going to call on anyone since, for it is absurd to say that these coincidences never happen twice, and though I am not blind, I am very inattentive. I am sure I could sit in a room with a corpse for hours before I noticed anything was wrong."

Mr. Weatherby saw that where the spray had fallen, the grass was turning yellow.

"I suppose if one were really observant," Mrs. Finch said, "one would constantly notice that something or other was a little wrong."

"'Where ignorance—'" Mr. Weatherby began.

The door opened and a voice said, "Of all the damned, confounded places to put the damned thing in! Elinor!" Mr. Weatherby rose to his feet as Mr. Finch burst into the room.

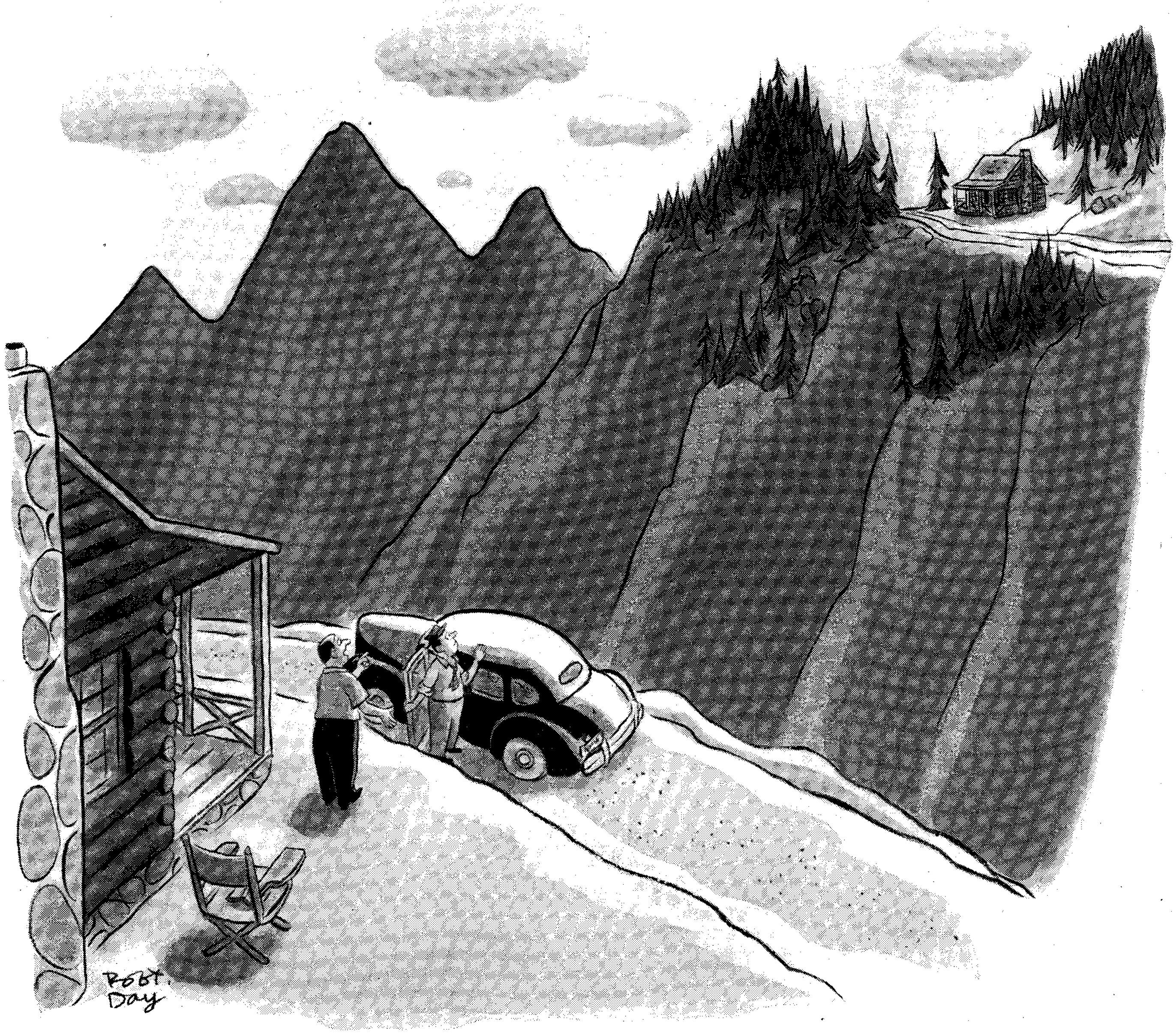
"Sit down, sit down, Mr. Weatherby," Mrs. Finch commanded. "An old man's curse will do you no harm. Henry, this is Mr. Weatherby."

"How do you do?" said Mr. Finch. "Excuse me for being in this filthy state. I had to put out a fire extinguisher."

"Oh, have you actually found it?" Mrs. Finch said. "Where was it, Henry? I hope the poor thing's all right."

"I should say it was in the pink of condition, my dear," Mr. Finch replied. "Some obliging house mover had put it in my briefcase. The briefcase was on the top shelf of the hall closet. I began to pull it down, and as it wasn't properly closed, a great many things began to drop out. The extinguisher just missed my head but fell on its own, and came promptly into action. I think I have killed some of the roses—I had to aim the beastly stuff somewhere—but your extinguisher is none the worse, I believe. I must go and wash. Do sit down, Weatherby. It's all over now."

"Henry!" Mrs. Finch called after him as he left the room. "Was the corkscrew— Oh, well, he will tell me later. Now, if I could find my list, I could scratch off the extinguisher and the briefcase at one blow. It's a comfort to find that extinguishers work so efficiently, isn't it? Though for the moment I suppose this one has nothing left to work with. Do you often move from one house to another, Mr. Weatherby? It's



"No, the Drapers live right over there. You remember that crossroads about thirteen miles back?"

• •

a very strange experience, but I think if I fell into the way of it, I should enjoy it. It is so enlarging to the mind."

Having got to his feet, Mr. Weatherby had remained there, and now said he really must be going. Mrs. Finch, preceding him into the hall, uttered a glad cry. "Can that be Mr. Harley's hat? And look at this! Isn't this odd?" She pointed to a framed and illuminated text, propped against the legs of a chair. The words of the text were "It is good for me that I have been in trouble."

"Unless Henry had it at college—he had some very queer things then, but of course he has changed a great deal since—I can't account for it," Mrs. Finch said. "Perhaps it was in the house when we came, like the two rag dolls we found in the wine cellar, looking exactly like Sin and Death in 'Paradise Unbound.' Is it *your* hat, Mr. Weatherby? I do hope it's none the worse for being extinguished. Goodbye. I am so sorry Cordelia was out. You must come again."

At a safe interval after the door had closed, Cordelia Finch appeared carrying a teapot. "I thought I'd make some fresh tea," she said to her mother, "and I've got some more sandwiches. I thought you might need reviving. My gratitude no words can express, but perhaps a few deeds— What *has* Father been doing?"

The new tea was just being poured out when Mr. Finch came in, smelling of soap, and asked, "Is that freshly made tea or that fellow's leavings?" Cordelia explained that the tea was freshly made. "Thank God!" Mr. Finch said, and then, turning to his wife, he said, "Well, Elinor, what have you been doing all the afternoon?"

"First, I rearranged the poetry shelves," Mrs. Finch said, "and then I had Cordelia's Mr. Weatherby. Cordelia, darling, when you met him, could he talk of anything but his aunt?"

"I don't think he mentioned his aunt."

"Oh, well, no doubt she's died since. That would account for his depression," Mrs. Finch said. "She must have meant a great deal to him. It was impossible to get him to talk about anything else."

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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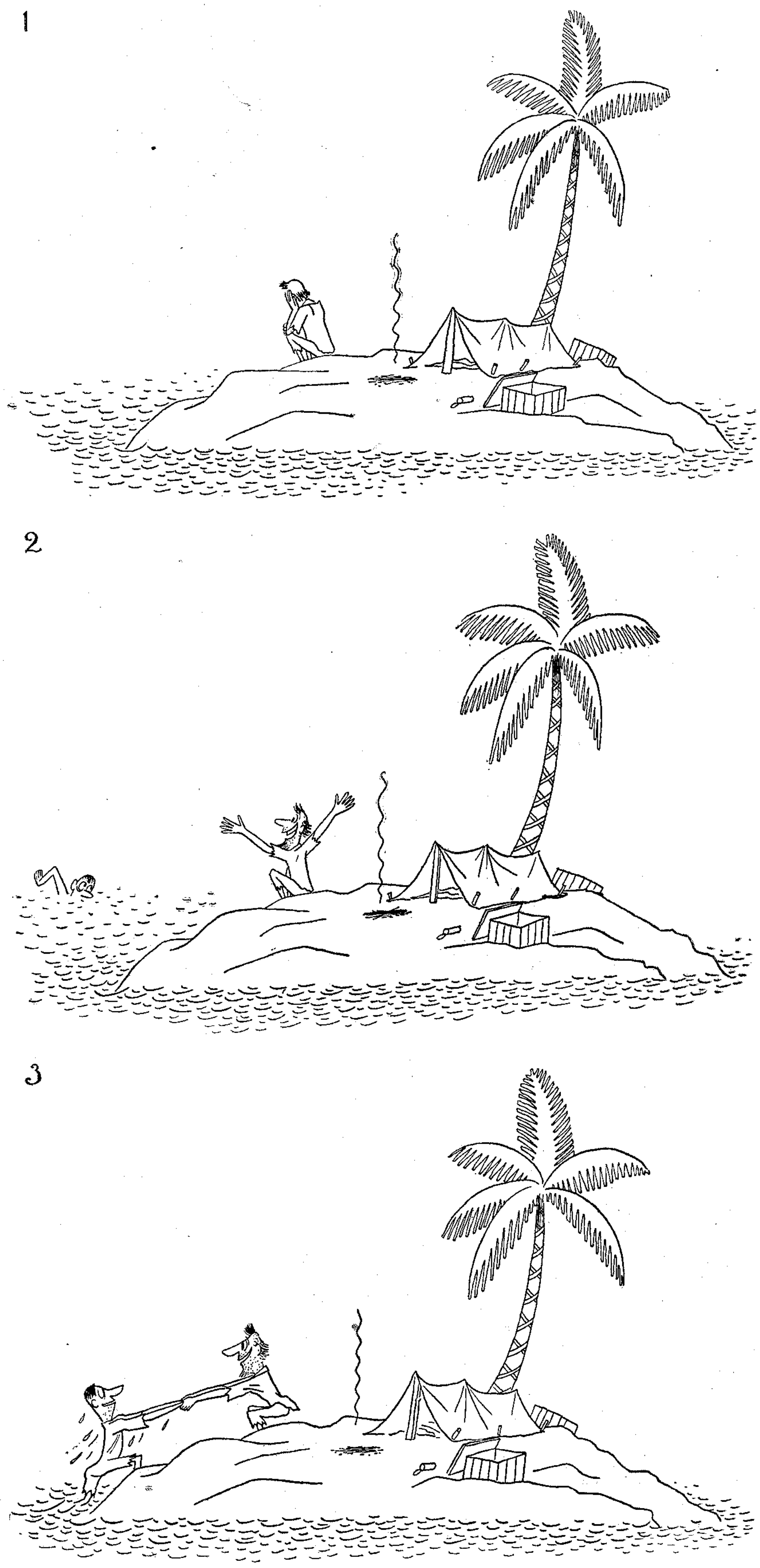
This is probably the only review which will not call it "nostalgic"—which, of course, it is.—*The Times.*

Yes, sir, the *only* one.

would accept the notion of a Providence so petty and unjust as to go around smiting useful citizens like Burbank, he would require proof of God's intentions and actions more scientific than the unsupported testimony of the fundamentalists. If there were such a God, it was high time people knew about it, and he proposed finding out by making a test on somebody younger and in better health than Burbank had been. In fact, he said, he would volunteer to be a guinea pig, there and then. He stipulated, however, that God would have to strike him down within the next ten minutes, since it was probable that, like Burbank and a couple of billion other people, he would die someday whether he challenged God or not. Lewis not only survived the next ten minutes but is, of course, still very much alive. Birkhead merely happened to be in the audience and, being extremely fond of the author, he consulted his watch during the prescribed ten minutes with conspicuous frequency. As for the "Internationale," Birkhead, who presided at All Souls from 1917 to 1939, rented his church during that period for many functions, from political rallies to musicales. Since he didn't attend every meeting held in the church in those twenty-two years, he is unable to say flatly that the anthem was never sung, strummed, hummed, or drummed there. A few weeks ago, however, when he was in Kansas City, he asked several Missourians who had belonged to his congregation if they could recall having heard the "Internationale" at All Souls. None of them could. "Come to think of it," he later said to a friend in New York, "I'm not sure that there was anybody in Kansas City in my day who knew the words."

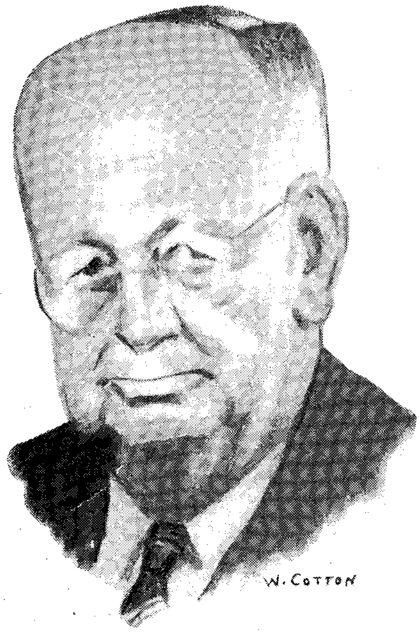
ACCORDING to Upton Close, Birkhead was born in Poland. Many of the Americans who depend for enlightenment about current events on Mr. Close's thought-provoking diagnoses of world conditions are aware that anyone born in Poland is an alien, probably an undesirable alien, and perhaps a Jew and a Communist too. Mr. Close has particular reason to be interested in Birkhead, since Birkhead has been much interested in him, having, for instance, spent a great deal of his time last year helping to relieve Close of the onerous responsibility of being a commentator on the Mutual Broadcasting System. (In a farewell broadcast, Close said that Birkhead had hounded him off the air.) Birkhead was not born in Poland but, on April 28, 1885, on a farm just outside Winfield, Missouri, fifty miles northwest of St. Louis. Both his father's and his mother's forebears migrated to the United States from England late in the seventeenth century. Birkhead's belligerency in the battle for democracy may be hereditary. In Missouri, in the early eighteen-forties, justice was often meted out by a band of self-constituted law-enforcers who called themselves "slickers" ("slicking" was then a common local synonym for "whipping"). Among the stronger-armed of the slickers was a progenitor of Birkhead's father, who, one hotheaded day, helped administer a slicking to a progenitor



PROFILES

DEMOCRACY'S FRIEND

III—PRESENTING CONTROVERSIAL MATTERS CONTROVERSIALLY



Leon Milton Birkhead

THE principal weapon with which the Reverend Leon Milton Birkhead, national director of a small but lusty anti-totalitarian propaganda organization called Friends of Democracy, Inc., defends American democracy against its detractors is information, and his primary target is ignorance. In the first issue of a semi-monthly bulletin that Friends of Democracy has been putting out for four and a half years, Birkhead explained that its purpose was to furnish its readers "occasional important glimpses behind the scenes of the struggle against our Fascist enemies for the greatest prize Hitler could win, control of the American mind." Hitler didn't make it, but Birkhead thinks that the struggle has by no means been resolved, and that American leaders of extreme Right Wing and Left Wing groups control, between them, the minds of some thirty million of their fellow-citizens. Since 1937, Birkhead, in the course of a spirited crusade to reclaim these minds for democracy and to prevent other minds from giving way, has been vigorously exposing people and organizations he deems anti-democratic. His method is to assail them with what he terms "pitiless publicity." In an understandable effort to offset his thrusts, his enemies—particularly those entrenched on the right flank—have issued a vast amount of publicity about him. It, too, is pitiless. A couple of months ago, a college student thought it might be entertaining to include, in a thesis on Right Wing periodicals in the United States, a brief biographical digression on Birkhead composed entirely of quotations from these periodicals. The compilation, which his professor noted marginally was "interesting enough, but hardly plausible and undoubtedly libellous," began: "Birkhead, or Brickhead, is a reincarnated imp of Satan placed on earth by the Devil to haress (sic), persecute, libel, and smear Christianity and all things decent. He is a wild man who stands at the head of a nationwide gestapo; a notorious character assassin who is murdering the reputations of patriotic Americans; a professional panhandler and pulpit thumper de luxe who has played religious roles in both Jewish and Protestant circles and has been expelled from the Methodist and Unitarian Churches; a Communistic, disreputable, seamy-faced, un-American, subversive, red RAT; a Smear Bund chief who deals in calumny wholesale; and an intolerant hate spreader." To this last characterization, the student appended a footnote: "The source of this relatively mild estimate of Birkhead is a California weekly whose editor habitually refers to the world's second largest city as 'Jew York.' "

In the dozens of books, magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers that are conscientiously read by the admirers of Gerald L. K. Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, Gerald B. Winrod, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, and their ideological cronies, as well as by Birkhead, three statements are constantly made about him: that he is a Communist or at least a notably peripatetic fellow-traveller; that while he pretends to be a minister and calls himself Reverend, he is an atheist; and that he is a Jew or is backed by Jews—a proper noun which, as all educated extreme Right Wingers know, is interchangeable with "Communists." Birkhead has been firmly and openly against Communism for as long as he has known about it, and he has resigned from several organizations after becoming convinced that they were Communist fronts. Although his theological views are unusual and emphatically agnostic, he is a Unitarian minister and is entitled to call himself Reverend, even if for the past few years he has rarely done so. He is not Jewish. It is perfectly true, however, that a fairly large part of the hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year that Friends of Democracy takes in in contributions comes from American Jews. Ninety per cent of the organization's efforts are devoted to exposing extreme Rightists, many of whom either are anti-Semitic or are sympathetic to anti-Semitism, and it is hardly surprising that the people most willing to give financial aid to an outfit combatting anti-Semitic forces are the ones who would be among the first affected if this country were ever dominated by a political faction tolerant of, if not downright enthusiastic about, anti-Semitic action.

The biographers for the Right Wing press have three other favorite notions about Birkhead: that Sally Rand, the fan dancer, purportedly a friend of his, once appeared in, and waved fans from, the pulpit of All Souls Unitarian Church in Kansas City, Missouri, while he was its pastor; that Sinclair Lewis, standing in that same pulpit, defied God to strike him dead; and that a chorus of Communists once sang the "Internationale" in his church. The incidents on which these frequently repeated legends are probably based are less spectacular. Birkhead has never met or seen Sally Rand, nor has she ever set foot (shod or unshod) in any church of his. However, she once did give a talk about the Spanish Civil War, while fully clothed and without props, from the pulpit of a Kansas City, *Kansas*, Congregational church whose minister, the first chairman of the National Committee of Friends of Democracy, is a friend of Birkhead. It is only natural that Birkhead was later described in *Social Justice* as "Dr. 'Sally-Rand' Birkhead" and in the Chicago *Tribune* as "the fan-dance preacher." As for Sinclair Lewis, he *is* a good friend of Birkhead, but he did not challenge God in Birkhead's church. Early in 1926, while Lewis was visiting the Missouri Kansas City, he was invited to give a lecture at the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church. A few weeks before, Luther Burbank, the eminent horticulturist, had died suddenly. Burbank, like many other scientists, was an agnostic, and a number of fundamentalist clergymen in the Midwest Bible Belt, upon hearing of his demise, loudly stated their belief that God had struck him down for his heresy. Lewis, in his lecture on Linwood Boulevard, remarked that it was possible that Burbank, a septuagenarian, had simply died of old age. He added that before he of Birkhead's mother. That lady, née Mattie Turnbull, was a strict Methodist, a gifted temperance lecturer, and the granddaughter of a remarkable frontierswoman, who died in 1908 at the age of ninety-eight, and then only because she fell down a flight of stairs. Grandma Sally, as her kin called this hardy matriarch, was an expert shot, and when her children got hungry, she would pick off a deer or a few pheasant with a muzzle-loading rifle. In her nineties, she rode horseback and was considered a better marksman than any of her hundred and thirty-five great-grandchildren.

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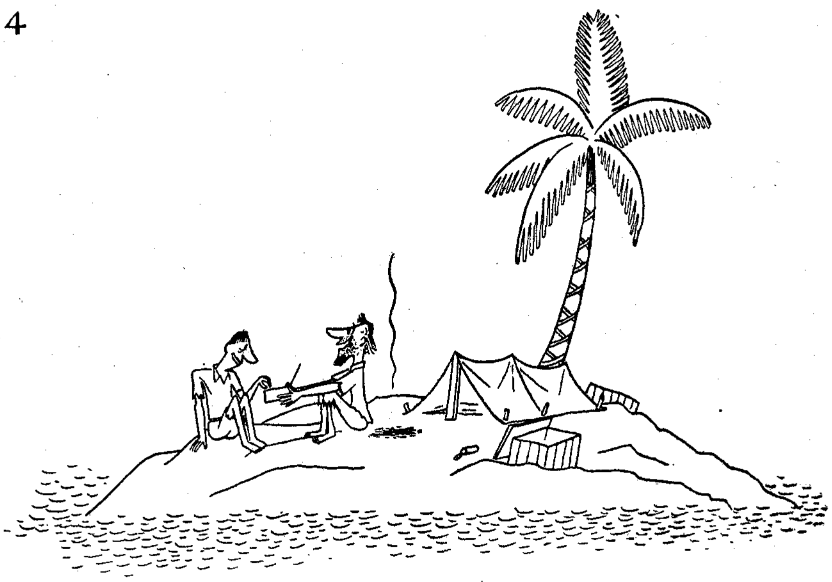

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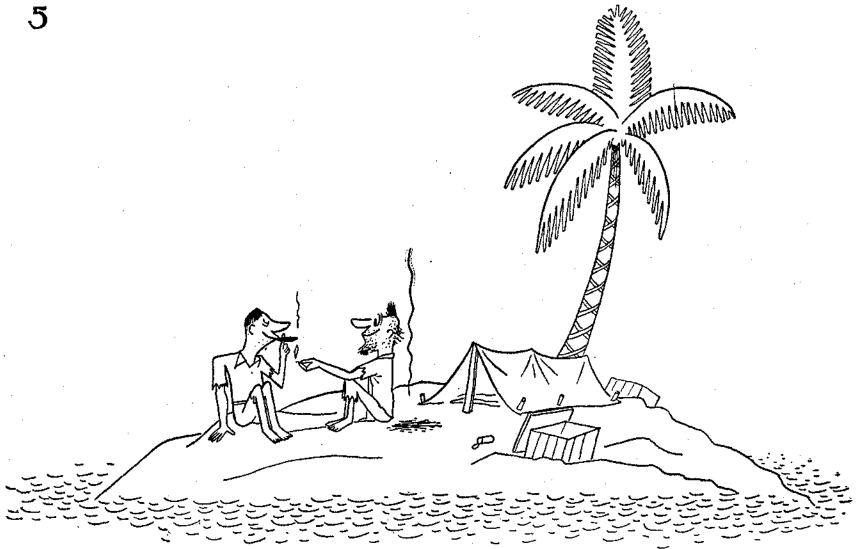

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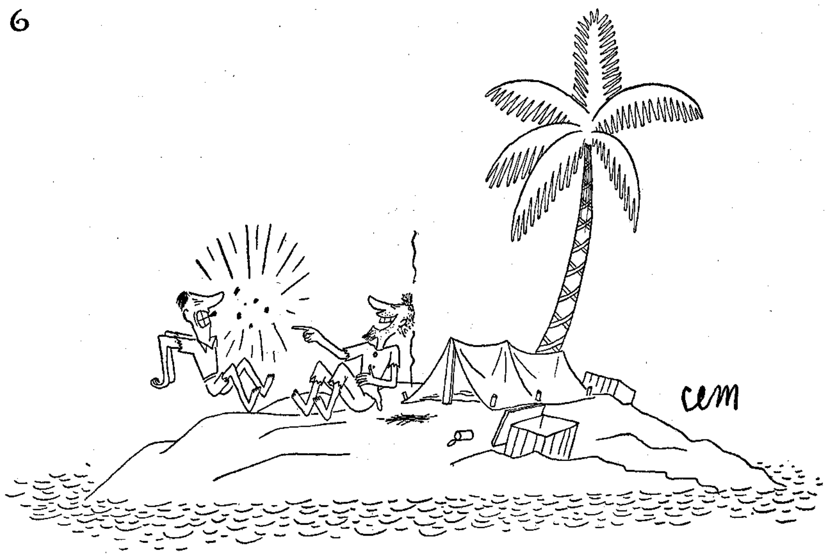

Leon Milton, or L. M., as Birkhead is known to most of his friends, was the oldest of seven children of Link Birkhead, who owned a hundred-acre farm in Lincoln County, near the Mississippi. During L. M.'s boyhood, one of the popular subjects of discussion in the area was baptism. Arguments among preachers of different sects about the best method of baptism sometimes lasted for three or four days, and farmers would come miles to listen. Link Birkhead, originally a Campbellite but by then a Baptist, believed that the only sure-fire means of baptism was complete immersion. His wife, a Methodist, held that sprinkling would suffice. Their oldest son was sprinkled, as the result of his being brought up in part by his Methodist maternal grandmother, who lived just across the Mississippi, in Illinois. Three of L. M.'s brothers and two of his sisters are still living. Two of the brothers, who live in Winfield and are pillars of the Baptist Church, are a farmer and a barber. The third brother is a streetcar conductor in St. Louis. One sister is married to a Winfield man who trains bird dogs; the other is the wife of a barber in Troy, Missouri, the Lincoln County seat. The Birkheads have a good many family reunions. The last big one, held in 1944, featured a fish fry, for which L. M. provided a suitable mess of catfish, perch, and eels. A hundred and twenty-seven of his relatives, among them seventy-five of the twenty-five hundred enrolled Democrats of Lincoln County, were there. Then, as now, L. M. was carrying on a brisk anti-isolationism campaign, and a stalwart isolationist member of the Senate, Bennett Champ Clark, was up for renomination in Missouri. The assembled Birkheads insisted that L. M., being a minister and the man who had furnished the fish, ought to say a few words. He reminisced briefly about Grandma Sally and other pleasant and familiar matters, and then zoomed into a passionate espousal of One World, a subject to which his kinsmen had given little sustained thought. In the primary, not long after that, Clark lost out. He didn't even carry Lincoln County, though he had always won it before. Whether Birkhead's relatives helped is hard to say, but L. M. thinks they may have exercised an influence disproportionate to their voting strength, since two of them are barbers.

Birkhead's mother had a high opinion of professional men, having been raised by a cousin who was a dentist, and she wanted her oldest son to

AT THE FISHHOUSES

Although it is a cold evening,
down by one of the fishhouses
an old man sits netting,
his net, in the gloaming almost invisible,
a dark purple-brown,
and his shuttle worn and polished.
The air smells so strong of codfish
it makes one's nose run and one's eyes water.
The five fishhouses have steeply peaked roofs
and narrow, cleated gangplanks slant up
to storerooms in the gables
for the wheelbarrows to be pushed up and down on.
All is silver: the heavy surface of the sea,
swelling slowly as if considering spilling over,
is opaque, but the silver of the benches,
the lobster pots, and masts, scattered
among the wild jagged rocks,
is of an apparent translucence
like the small old buildings with an emerald moss
growing on their shoreward walls.
The big fish tubs are completely lined
with layers of beautiful herring scales
and the wheelbarrows are similarly plastered
with creamy iridescent coats of mail,
with small iridescent flies crawling on them.
Up on the little slope behind the houses,
set in the sparse bright sprinkle of grass,
is an ancient wooden capstan,
cracked, with two long bleached handles
and some melancholy stains, like dried blood,
where the ironwork has rusted.

The old man accepts a Lucky Strike.
He was a friend of my grandfather.
We talk of the decline in the population
and of codfish and herring
while he waits for a herring boat to come in.
There are sequins on his vest and on his thumb.
He has scraped the scales, the principal beauty,
from unnumbered fish with that black old knife,
the blade of which is almost worn away.

Down at the water's edge, at the place
where they haul up the boats, up the long ramp
descending into the water, thin silver
tree trunks are laid horizontally
across the gray stones, down and down
at intervals of four or five feet.

Cold dark deep and absolutely clear,
element bearable to no mortal,
to fish and to seals . . . One seal particularly
I have seen here evening after evening.
He was curious about me. He was interested in music;
like me a believer in total immersion,
so I used to sing him Baptist hymns.
I sang him "A mighty fortress is our God."
He stood up in the water and regarded me
steadily, moving his head a little.
Then he would disappear, then suddenly emerge
almost in the same spot, with a sort of shrug
as if it were against his better judgment.
Cold dark deep and absolutely clear,
the clear gray icy water . . . Back, behind us,
the dignified tall firs begin.
Bluish, associating with their shadows,
a million Christmas trees stand
waiting for Christmas. The water seems suspended
above the rounded gray and blue-gray stones.
I have seen it over and over, the same sea, the same,
slightly, indifferently swinging above the stones,
icily free above the stones,
above the stones and then the world.
If you should dip your hand in,
your wrist would ache immediately,
your bones would begin to ache and your hand would burn
as if the water were a transmutation of fire
that feeds on stones and burns with a dark-gray flame.
If you tasted it, it would first taste bitter,
then briny, then surely burn your tongue.
It is like what we imagine knowledge to be:
dark, salt, clear, moving, utterly free,
drawn from the cold hard mouth
of the world, derived from the rocky breasts
forever, flowing and drawn, and since
our knowledge is historical, flowing, and flown.

—Elizabeth Bishop

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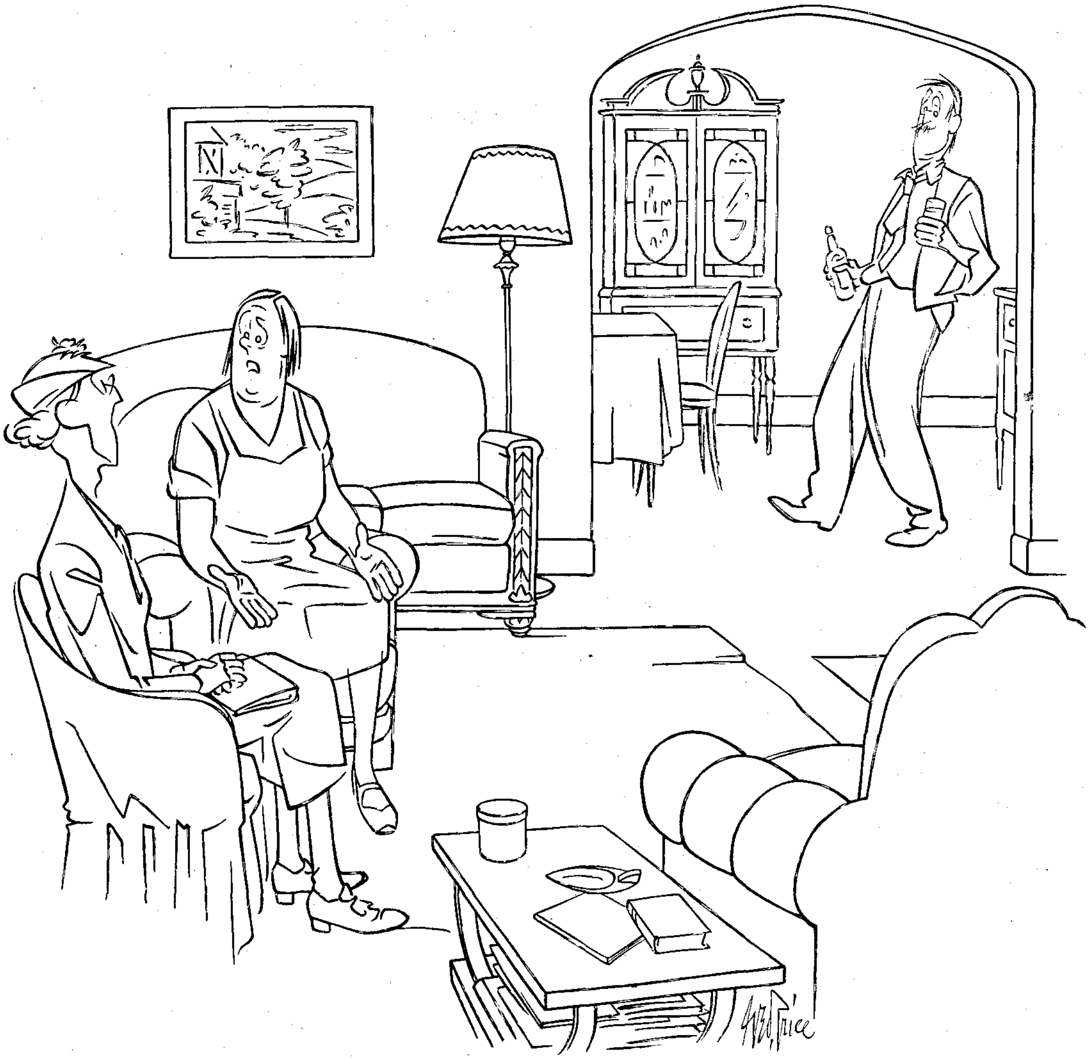
take up a worthy profession. L. M.'s study of life in rural Missouri led him to conclude that preachers were held in even greater esteem than dentists. He told his parents he wanted to become a minister, and they were delighted. In 1903, when L. M. was eighteen, his father promised him part of the proceeds from a fine crop of wheat for his tuition. The Mississippi, however, rose over its banks and destroyed the crop, and L. M. went to St. Louis and got a job with a shoe company, first in its factory and then as a salesman. At the end of a year, he had saved enough to pay for his education. In the fall of 1904, he enrolled at McKendree College, a small Methodist institution in Lebanon, Illinois. There he was expected to divide his time between soaking up theological instruction and doing practical field work as an exhorter, or assistant preacher, who was permitted to officiate at funerals and to follow up a preacher's sermon by exhorting his congregation to be sure to practice what had just been preached. Birkhead, the possessor even in his teens of a powerful, rolling voice and a decidedly ministerial expression, made an excellent exhorter. He also gave youthful promise of his future as an organizational man by attaining the office of Fourth Vice-President and Chairman of the Lookout Committee of the Epworth League of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, of St. Louis, while still a college freshman. In 1910, he received an A.B. degree from McKendree, and then he did graduate work in theology and philosophy at Drew Theological Seminary, in Madison, New Jersey, and in New York at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University, though not to the extent of earning any more degrees. Nevertheless, many of his friends and associates, without any loud objections from him, call him Doctor or simply

Doc, evidently feeling that a man so high of forehead, so pious of mien, and so fluent of tongue must be at least an honorary doctor of something.

Birkhead was ordained a Methodist minister in 1911 and shortly afterward was assigned to a pastorate in St. Louis. While doing some social work there, he met a precocious young lady named Agnes Schiereck, who at the age of twenty-one had achieved the distinction of becoming the youngest Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, of either sex, in the history of St. Louis. They were married in the fall of 1913. Mrs. Birkhead has interested herself in her husband's work ever since. At the moment, she is presiding over the Kansas City office of Friends of Democracy and her husband is running the New York office, of which their only child, Kenneth, is executive director. The separation is purely a matter of necessity; Mr. and Mrs. Birkhead write each other every day.

Birkhead hadn't been in St. Louis long before he became known as a highly unorthodox Methodist preacher. He went in energetically for such conventional clerical pursuits as a country fair on the lawn of his church, including a beauty contest for children between the ages of six months and five years, but all the same he managed to disturb some of his brethren. For one thing, he denounced Billy Sunday, after that fervent evangelist had been invited to preach in the community, as a "religious volcano" and a "pulpit acrobat." Moreover, Birkhead helped found a debating society called the Open Forum, at which a number of unchurchly subjects were discussed, and opened his church to its meetings. He usually served as moderator, but one night he debated against a member of the Industrial Workers of the World on the question of whether the church was a help to the working classes. Birkhead took the affirmative. The I.W.W. man won by an audience vote of forty-eight to fourteen. One of the other founders of the Open Forum was, as it happened, Roger N. Baldwin, who, in 1917, was to establish the American Civil Liberties Union, of which Birkhead quickly became an active member.



"No matter what I say to him, he's got an argument. He dresses sloppy. Bing Crosby dresses sloppy. He needs a haircut. Einstein needs a haircut. He drinks too much. General Grant drank too much."

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As Birkhead became more and more concerned with worldly problems, he began to find it difficult to accept the strict doctrines of Methodism. In a form letter to his congregation, he said, apparently hoping to find in his flock deviations as wide as his own: "Will you not ask yourself this question, and pray about it:—

"If every member of my church was just like me,
What sort of a church would my church be?"

Late in 1914, after having asked himself that question a good many times and having replied, not altogether relevantly, that he seemed to differ irreconcilably with his fellow-Methodists on interpretations of the Bible, he resigned from that church. He was promptly welcomed into the Unitarian Church, a small but voluble sect whose spokesmen have long been noted for the unorthodoxy and worldliness of their views. Birkhead was delighted with the switch. "I do not care a snap of the finger about keeping men out of Hell and getting them into Heaven," he announced, indicating his doubt that either place exists, "but I do care tremendously about making this earth more like Heaven and less like Hell." Just before he went to a Unitarian pastorate in Wichita, the members of the Open Forum authorized the expenditure of four dollars, half of the amount in their treasury, on a *bon-voyage* bouquet of red carnations.

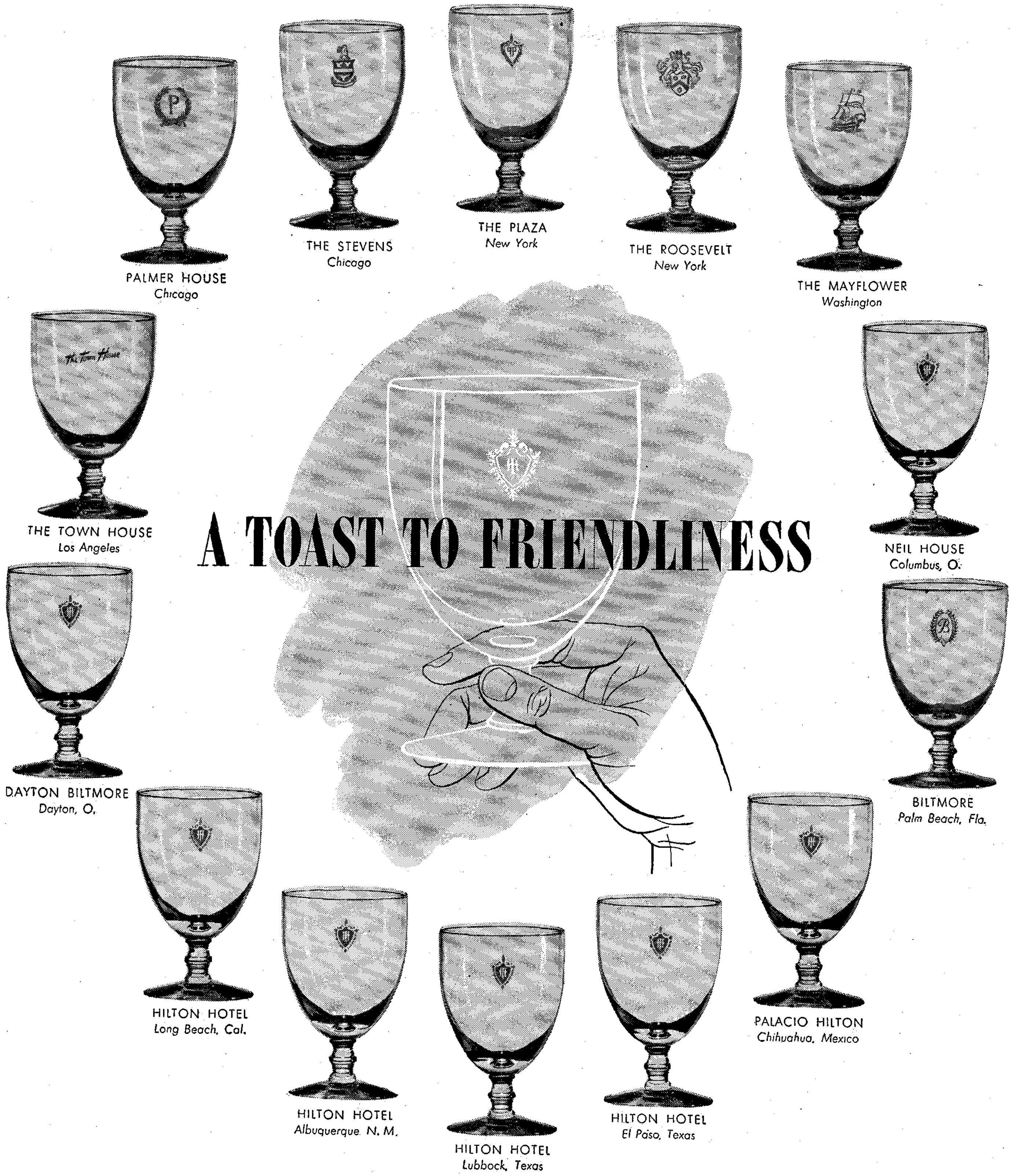
BIRKHEAD spent two years in Wichita, where he established a local precedent by inviting attendance at his church services through newspaper advertisements. His increasingly skeptical attitude toward many religious tenets so enraged the fundamentalist preachers of the district that one of them suggested that Birkhead ought to be driven out of town, and not long after this neighborly recommendation an attempt was made to burn down his church. He left town, voluntarily, in 1917, upon being invited to become pastor of All Souls in Kansas City. He placed so little emphasis on religious matters in his stewardship of that hall of worship that in time it came to be known as the Liberal Center, to which "All Souls Unitarian Church" was appended in parentheses, if at all. Since 1939, when he came to New York, the church has been known as "All Souls Unitarian Church (The Liberal Center)." Two months after he arrived in Kansas City, he inaugurated a series of Sunday-night community folk dances in his church, and he caused considerable comment by dancing at the first of these carnivals with such secular verve that he tripped over a rolled-up rug and fell on his face.

In his sermons, Birkhead continued to take sharp exception to the views of other ministers. "The function of a Unitarian church," he once said from his pulpit, "is to affirm frequently that it is possible to be decent and honorable without accepting meaningless and outgrown traditions and beliefs." He went on to say, "I believe in the religion of *humanity*, and that true religion is found in intelligent devotion to human welfare and such significant human values as truth, freedom, justice, goodness, and beauty." (All along, a great many of his critics have complained that it is outrageous for a minister not to believe in God. Once, in a sermon entitled "Can Man Know God?," Birkhead said, "I suppose that I do have a feeling that there is a Something. Certainly I am not an atheist. I do not know enough about the nature of ultimate reality to be one. However, I am willing to be the sort of atheist portrayed by Professor [Roy Wood] Sellars when he describes John Dewey and Edward Scribner Ames as 'piously socially minded atheists, who are constructive in that they stress social values.' ") Despite Birkhead's unwillingness to stress rigidly theological values, there was an agreeable increase in attendance at All Souls. A few of the senior members of his congregation, however, evidently hankered at times for a touch of the old-time religion. "Last winter when very sick and it was a question if I would recover," one elderly lady communicant wrote to a friend, "I was asked if I wanted Mr. Birkhead to call. *Certainly not.* All he could have said was 'The grave is waiting for you and that ends all.' Fine comfort from a minister."

ROOMS
R. TAYLOR

"Calling Hadley, Hadley, Weathercock & Mapes, calling Hadley, Hadley, Weathercock & Mapes . . ."

OCCASIONALLY, musing on his busy past, Birkhead appears to regret having spurned what might have been a life of pleasant tranquillity to devote himself to a variety of big and little causes—like Sunday movies, co-education, jazz, woman's suffrage, psychoanalysis, poetry, and democracy—because of which he has come into violent conflict with those of his fellow-citizens who can always see the sinister implications of such radical stuff. "I never have seemed to be able to present my ideas on controversial matters non-controversially," Birkhead remarked not long ago, with a sigh. "I have always envied those who could, like Emerson, of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that he could take down men's idols so tenderly that they thought it was an act of worship." During the years between the first and second World Wars, most of Birkhead's sermons had highly controversial titles, such as "Is the Resurrection a Myth?," "Can Psychology Save Us?," "Why I Do Not Commit Suicide," and "Is Einstein Intelligent?" Nowadays, in his rare moments of acute dejection about the prospect for democracy, Birkhead ponders a sermon he has thought of preaching to himself, entitled "The Futility of Controversy" and using as its Biblical text the proverb "If a wise man contendeth with a foolish man, whether he rage or laugh, there is no rest." While he was in Kansas City, Birkhead was involved in a number of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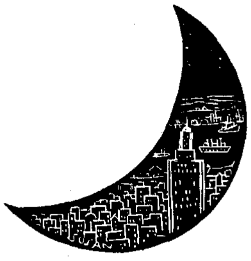
attempts by good-government groups to wriggle out of the grip of the Pendergast machine. In 1922, addressing an assembly of clubwomen, he spoke frankly about some of the less attractive aspects of life in Kansas City, among them the fact that the municipal authorities had been somewhat lax about ridding the city of diseased prostitutes. Soon after the ladies in his audience (who were not in the habit of talking about even healthy prostitutes) had stopped gasping with surprise, the municipal authorities began gasping with indignation, and the mayor got so angry over the accusation that he dropped dead.



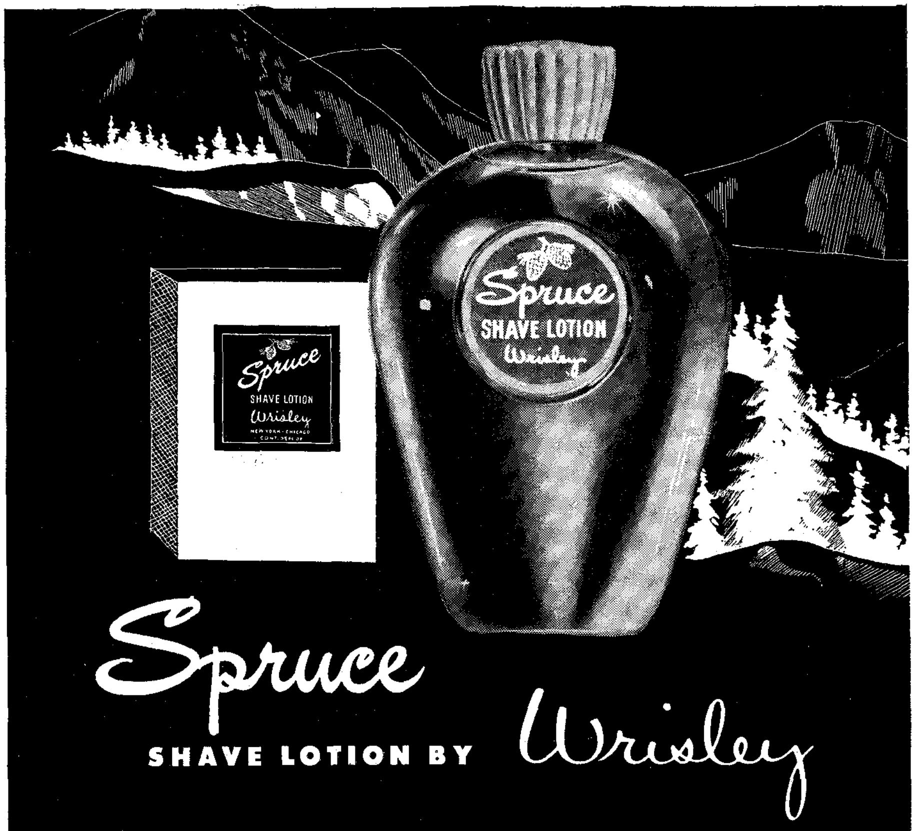
Birkhead's life in Kansas City was a taxing one. He preached, officiated at weddings and funerals, worried about church finances and American foreign policy, reviewed books for Kansas City newspapers and church magazines (in 1930 he claimed to be reading books at the rate of a thousand a year), served as a committeeman for civic celebrations of Girls' Week and Be Kind to Animals Week, issued statements on this and that, and, for a one-week run, played the part of the Heavenly Magistrate in an amateur production of "Liliom." Practically every summer, he would close his church and leave town for a few weeks, after telling his congregation that a vacation from his sermons would probably do them good. For several summers in the early twenties, he turned lecturer, touring the countryside on one of the Chautauqua circuits that then provided warm-weather entertainment in rural areas. In 1920, under the auspices of White & Myers' America's Pioneer Chautauqua System, Birkhead, billed as a "community specialist," told a great many small towns how to get themselves in better civic shape. He was part of a divertissement that included Vierra's Royal Hawaiians ("Playing and Singing the Native Serenades, Love Songs, Hula Dances"), the Cartwright Brothers Quartet ("Vocal and Instrumental Novelty Co."), the Jenny Lind Quartette ("Swedish Songs and Folklore"), DeJeu, the Wizard, and His Company ("Crystal Gazing, Mind Reading, Magic"), and a performance of "The Brat" ("New York Comedy Success"). Birkhead attained such high repute as a Chautauqua lecturer that a couple of years later, in anticipation of a speech he was booked to make before the Nevada, Missouri, Chamber of Commerce, the local *Daily Mail* said, "Those present Thursday will hear a 50c Chautauqua lecture free. . . . Any man who doesn't enjoy the program ought to consult an undertaker. He is dead and don't know it."

IN the summer of 1925, Birkhead, who, in pointed contrast to many other Midwest clergymen, had been proclaiming his belief in the validity of the theory of evolution, drove, with his wife and son, to Dayton, Tennessee, where William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow were about to tussle at the Scopes trial, for which H. L. Mencken was furnishing the program notes. The Birkheads took a portable tent with them and on their way pitched it every night in tourist camps. No public tent-pitching space was available in Dayton, so Birkhead looked up Darrow, whom he had previously met in Kansas City, and the attorney offered the tourists a spot of lawn outside the house he was occupying with his fellow-defense counsel, Arthur Garfield Hays and Dudley Field Malone. Birkhead squatted there throughout the trial. When he wasn't pounding tent pegs or visiting court, he was running errands for his hosts, arguing with native fundamentalists who were shouting that any clergyman evolutionist was a knave and a traitor to their calling, and becoming acquainted with Mencken. Six years later, when Darrow made another visit to Kansas City, Birkhead hospitably invited him to debate on "Is Religion Necessary?" Darrow was to defend the negative; Birkhead and two other clergymen were to speak for the affirmative. Birkhead was expected to represent the humanist point of view; the other clergymen were to represent the theological. A couple of interested parties remarked that it seemed unfair to pit one man against three, but Birkhead assured them that Darrow had already demonstrated his ability to face such odds. Birkhead led off. He astonished all the other speakers by giving the impression that he didn't consider religion particularly necessary himself. The two other clergymen were so aroused by his unexpected remarks that they forgot that they were supposed to be debating with Darrow and lashed out at Birkhead, and Darrow became so annoyed with him for having horned in on his supposedly exclusive territory that he, too, turned on his host. Everything thus worked out as planned—

three men against one—except that Birkhead was the one.

Early in 1926, Sinclair Lewis came to Kansas City. He had decided to write a novel about preachers and, being rather unacquainted with religion himself, was in search of a companionable minister who could help him out with technical advice, just as Paul de Kruif had primed him with medical data while he was working on "Arrowsmith." Kansas City seemed to Lewis a good spot for the kind of research he wanted to do. He was introduced to Birkhead by another minister and almost instantly decided that he had found his man. Birkhead attributes Lewis's choice to the fact that the author was able to smoke, drink, and swear in his presence without making him flinch; Lewis says he picked Birkhead because, unlike some other ministers he had known, he had a sense of humor and was prodigiously informed on such Eastern theologies as Buddhism and Zoroastrianism. Birkhead took Lewis on a tour of services in Kansas City churches of various denominations. At one fundamentalist shrine, Lewis recalls, half a dozen young evangelists, who didn't know Birkhead, descended upon them. "They were dead set on converting somebody," Lewis says, "but I guess they thought I didn't look interesting. One of them buttonholed the Reverend Mr. Birkhead and cried, 'Brother, are you saved?' 'Why, Brother,' said L. M., 'that depends on your definition of the word "saved."' All six of them just melted away; they didn't like the sound of his answer." Birkhead further acclimated Lewis by recruiting an interdenominational panel of clergymen to have lunch with the writer once a week and, for his benefit, frankly discuss all aspects of their profession. This group became known as Sinclair Lewis's Sunday School Class, although it usually met on Monday. Lewis would start things off with a provocative question, such as "Could a man be decent, in the ethical sense, if he didn't acknowledge Jesus Christ as his master?" The novelist would then listen while Birkhead, an old hand at managing a controversial discussion, would steer the conversation into productive channels.

In the summer of 1926, Lewis retired to a camp on a lake in northern Minnesota to write his novel. At Lewis's invitation, Birkhead, with his wife and son, joined him. Lewis wanted his technical adviser at hand to check over his manuscript as he turned it out, to save him time by doing incidental research



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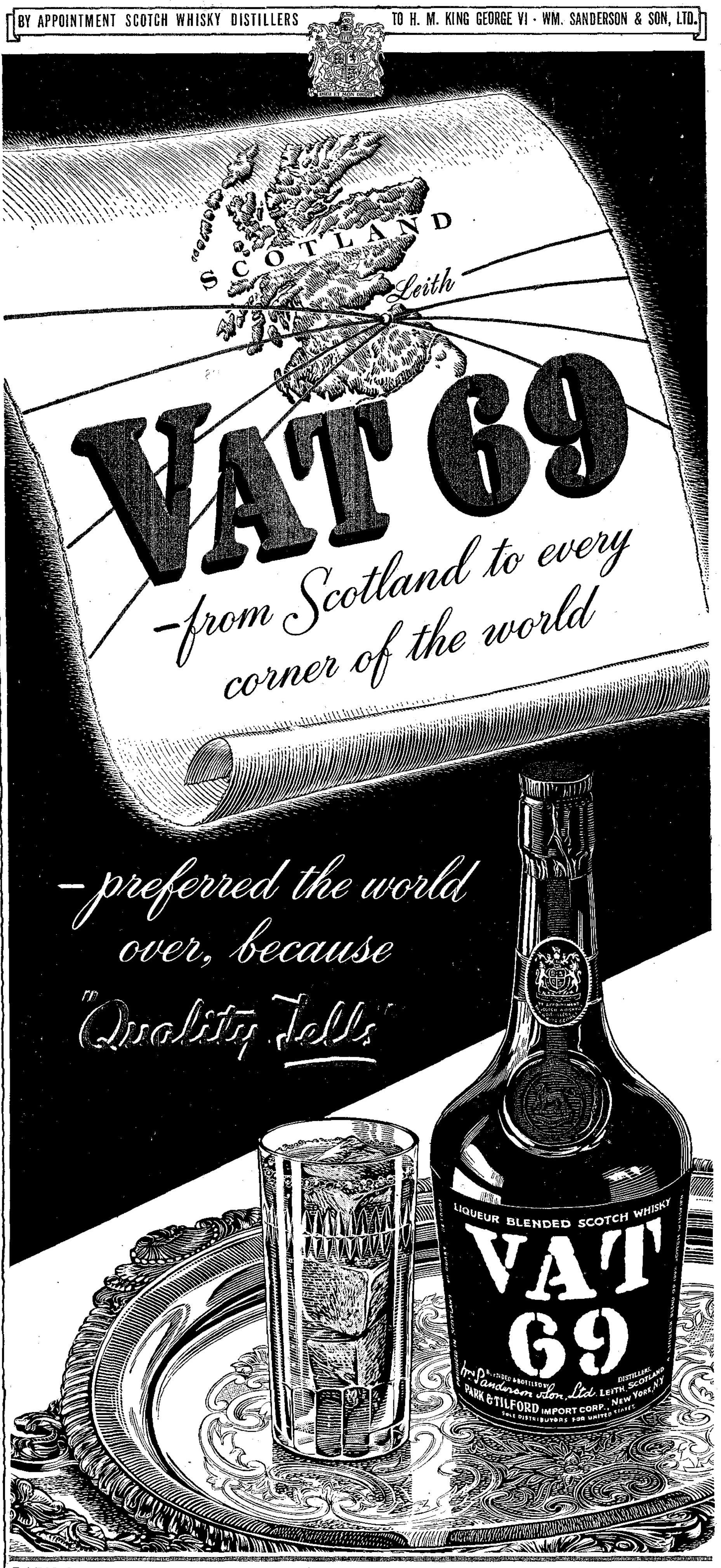
on theological problems as they came up, and to provide him with occupational inspiration. Birkhead also helped Lewis choose Elmer Gantry as the name of the principal character. (A decade later, Lewis reciprocated by selecting, from a list of proposed names for the organization Birkhead was about to launch, Friends of Democracy.) During the day, when Lewis was not writing, he and Birkhead would engage in long theological disputes, taking the point of view of various characters in "Elmer Gantry" and now and then, for fun, suddenly exchanging roles. In the evening, Lewis and the Birkheads would sit on the porch and sing hymns to put their host in the mood for the next day's stint. Lewis planned to dedicate "Elmer Gantry" to Birkhead, but by late fall, when the manuscript was finished, the author had decided that it might be embarrassing for his friend thus to be honored in a work disparaging the ministry. "It would ruin you," he told Birkhead, and forthwith he dedicated the book to their friend Mencken, who had long since been abandoned by the clergy.

"Elmer Gantry" was published in March of 1927, and was reviewed on the front pages of several newspapers. So many Kansas City preachers discussed "Elmer Gantry," and nothing else, from their pulpits for the next few Sundays that one minister inserted an ad in the papers suggesting that people attend his services "if you prefer to hear about Jesus Christ instead of Elmer Gantry." The alumni of Lewis's Sunday School Class, some of whom thought they detected in the novel unpalatable references to themselves, were among the most articulate of its critics. "The Devil is probably holding a jubilee in Hell right now," one of them thundered. Lewis, having anticipated this reaction and not wishing to become embroiled in any argument, had already got out of town—as far, in fact, as Europe. Birkhead, his rear guard, rolled placidly with his brethren's punches and came back swinging. "Lewis dared not make Elmer Gantry as coarse and vulgar as many preachers are," he said in one sermon. "The book would have seemed 'too fictional.' . . . The last profession on earth to accuse Sinclair Lewis of coarseness and vulgarity is the ministry. Everyone familiar with the status of the clergy in America knows that vulgarity and coarseness are characteristics of the majority of the preachers."

5¢
PEANUTS
D.K

Birkhead's aggressive defense of Lewis was given more permanent form by Emanuel Haldeman-Julius in a Little Blue Book. Haldeman-Julius, a freethinker and the proprietor of one of the world's most peculiar publishing houses, had set up shop in Girard, Kansas, in January, 1919, and a mutual disdain for conventionality soon drew the two men together. All thirteen of the books Birkhead has written, mostly on religious themes, have been published as Little Blue Books—two green, one orange, five buff, two gray, and three blue. In November, 1927, Haldeman-Julius and his wife asked Birkhead to marry their eighteen-year-old daughter, Josephine, to her twenty-year-old sweetheart, Aubrey Roselle. The bride's parents—owing to the youth of the couple, the uncertainty of human emotions, their own unorthodoxy, and possibly a fondness for publicity—specified that they wished the marriage ceremony modified. The phrase "till death do us part" was to be eliminated, since they hoped that if the newlyweds found, before they had any children, that they couldn't get along, they would get divorced. There was a great deal of agitation then over companionate marriages, and an Eastern newspaperman who was spending a vacation in Girard sent out a story that the Haldeman-Juliuses were about to give their daughter's hand in companionate marriage. The romance was so thoroughly explored by the nation's press that many papers soon felt that it was unnecessary to remind their readers that Josephine and Aubrey had surnames. Although the Haldeman-Juliuses liked publicity, they got so much more than they had ever hoped for that, when they learned that a covey of newsreel men was on the way to Girard, they advanced the wedding date a couple of days. The ceremony that Birkhead performed was very nearly the standard one. He left out of it any reference to the groom's endowing the bride with all his worldly goods, but, as he explained to reporters who noted this omission, the groom didn't have any worldly goods. Just the same, many Americans felt that they had suffered a grave moral hurt. The Women's Christian Temperance Union described the nuptials as "un-Christian and disastrous," a Congregationalist preacher said "Birkhead has shaken the very foundations of Christian civilization," and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, asked by a resourceful journalist if she would ever consider submitting to the kind of marriage knot Birkhead had tied, reputedly replied that she wouldn't dream of being party to any such flimsy arrangement. About a third of all American marriages, no matter how performed, end in divorce, but the Roselles, now living contentedly in California, are about to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. Nevertheless, Birkhead is still frequently referred to by the Chicago *Tribune* and its satellites of the Right Wing press as "the free-love parson."

ALL his life, Birkhead has been an avid collector—bits of string, crumpled tinfoil, postcards announcing his weekly sermons in Kansas City (addressed to himself in his own handwriting and mailed by himself at church, as reminders, to himself at home), and notebooks in which he would record the attendance at his services and the amount of the collection. If the attendance or the amount was unusually slight, he would add a marginal alibi. When no more than seventy people turned out to hear him answer the question "Is Civilization Dying?," one December Sunday in 1934, and contributed only seven dollars and seventy-three cents, he noted, "The worst weather on Sunday in seventeen years. Ground covered with ice." Nowadays, Birkhead collects mostly newspaper clippings. He always has a sharp pair of shears in his hand when he reads the papers, and he scarcely ever fails to go through about thirty a day, sometimes scanning four or five editions of a paper in search of obscure communiqués on the battle for democracy and, to the annoyance of his secretary, who has to file them, slashing and saving identical items from each edition. He does much of his newspaper reading at night, in his two-room apartment on East Fortieth Street. At least once a day, he buys eight or ten out-of-town and New York papers from a stand outside Grand Central. He has struck up so cordial a relationship with its proprietor that sometimes the man asks him to tend the stand while he gets a cup of coffee. Birkhead has sold papers for as long as twenty minutes at a stretch. Although his fireside reading matter is of the conventional variety, in his office



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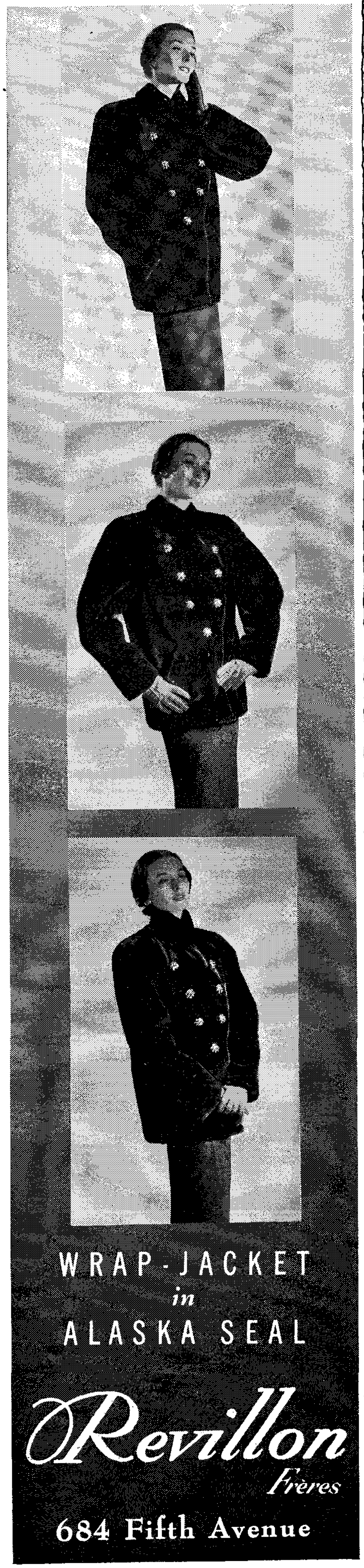

he turns to periodicals put out by what he calls "the vermin press," holding his scissors at the ready and pursing his lips as he notices in, say, the *X-Ray*—a Muncie, Indiana, sheet whose masthead bears two American flags, along with the words "Fearless," "Courageous," "Truthful," and "Impartial," and the phrase "An American paper for the American-minded"—that he and his associates at Friends of Democracy are "a gang of dirty, sneaking, filthy, Red rat TRAITORS and should be hanged;" or finds himself mentioned in *The Cross and The Flag*, a family journal published by Gerald L. K. Smith, as "a bald, barefaced, hired liar, who specializes in circulating literary venom for a price." "I am thinking of sending Gerald Smith a contribution," Birkhead said the other day to a visitor at his office. "I've just been reading some of his literature, and he certainly does write persuasively." Smith has never, as far as anybody knows, indicated that he contemplates sending a contribution to Birkhead, but he evidently regards himself as indispensable to the continuing existence of Friends of Democracy. Recently, Smith, who has testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee that Birkhead and other thoroughly American Americans are Friends of Communism, was asked for his up-to-date opinion of Birkhead as a propagandist. "L. M. Birkhead," he replied, in part, "owes his questionable prominence to Henry Ford, Charles A. Lindbergh, Father Charles E. Coughlin, and Gerald L. K. Smith. He is in the business of making American Nationalists look like Nazis. He does this in such a way as to frighten Jews and then collects from said Jews the money necessary to assassinate the character of the individuals he builds up as Fascists and anti-Semites. . . . Poor fellow, with Henry Ford dead, with Lindbergh in retirement (politically), with Father Coughlin functioning only as a parish priest, what would happen to Birkhead if I should drop dead? He would be a ruined man."

Birkhead's detractors frequently intimate that they wish *he* would drop dead, and that if they could only get their hands on him, he would. One of the more fanatical of the Rightists once enjoined a gathering of his associates to "set upon Birkhead with black hot tar and paint him in the colors of his Jew brothers." Birkhead often receives threats, many of them anonymous, in the mail, and sometimes hecklers make things uncomfortable, if not exactly dangerous, for him, when he appears in public. A bunch of playful boys of the Christian Front added color to a Detroit meeting at which he was the guest of honor by sprinkling the assemblage with sneezing powder. The closest he has ever been to physical combat was several years ago, when he dropped in at the office of a Right Wing propagandist and brusquely introduced himself. The moment the man heard his name, he took off his jacket, rolled up his shirtsleeves, and doubled both fists. "You're just the son of a bitch I want to see," he said, advancing on his visitor. Birkhead managed to soothe him while dodging around chairs. "I said that we were in an ideological struggle," he explained later, "and that if we had a physical encounter, nothing would be resolved except that either he would knock me down or I would knock him down. That seemed to make sense to him, so he rolled down his sleeves and put his coat back on, and we had a very illuminating chat." Only once has a probable enemy of democracy brushed bodily with Birkhead. Four years ago, on the downtown platform of the I.R.T. at Grand Central, Birkhead was crossing the platform in pursuit of a local when he was spotted by a young chap whom he had noticed at Right Wing rallies around town. The fellow bore down on him, hissing loudly, stuck out one foot, and tripped Birkhead up. "He made me stumble slightly," says democracy's friend, "but it took more than the right foot of a Fascist-minded punk to keep me from proceeding toward my destination."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

•

The Koos have a magnificent chef. He went to town yesterday. Despite the fact that aspic melted off his cold foods, the fare was wonderful.

Whole capons in jelly—their curled yellow feet gracefully coiled around fat truffles—were sliced, stuffed, with foie-gras and glaced with jelly. Sliced tongues dripped succulently in the late afternoon warmth.—*Evelyn Peyton Gordon in the Washington News.*

Now you've got *ours* doing it.

•

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[*Adv. in the Journal-American*]

Have Louella Parsons follow you on your vacation.

THE LEGAL PRESS AT WORK

[*From the New York Law Journal*]

An unprecedented error in the stereotype department of the LAW JOURNAL and an extraordinary oversight in the press room Saturday night, produced strange results. In consequence, the front page of Saturday's LAW JOURNAL was again carried by a considerable portion of yesterday's issue, instead of the front page which had been prepared and the usual plate made, for the Monday LAW JOURNAL, which is printed Saturday night.

In explaining the error and expressing regret for it, which is the purpose of this item, perhaps some of our readers will be interested in knowing what occurs in the composing room, in the stereotype department, and in the press room each night when the LAW JOURNAL is printed. Doubtless a considerable number of our friends have such information already, but for those who have not, the following details are set forth:

The material to be used is, of course, first set in type. When the columns of type are made up in proper length and number with column and page headings, each page is placed in a locked frame for complete rigidity. Upon each of the type pages a sheet of matrix, made chiefly from wood pulp, with a yielding surface, is spread. Upon the metal type faces the matrix is pressed with considerable mechanical force. When removed from contact with the type pages, the sheets of matrix contain sharply defined impressions of the type page. These sheets are known as mats, upon which molten type metal is poured. When the metal has cooled sufficiently, the mats are separated from the type metal. The plates have then been made which go to the press room, and the pages of the LAW JOURNAL are printed from these plates.

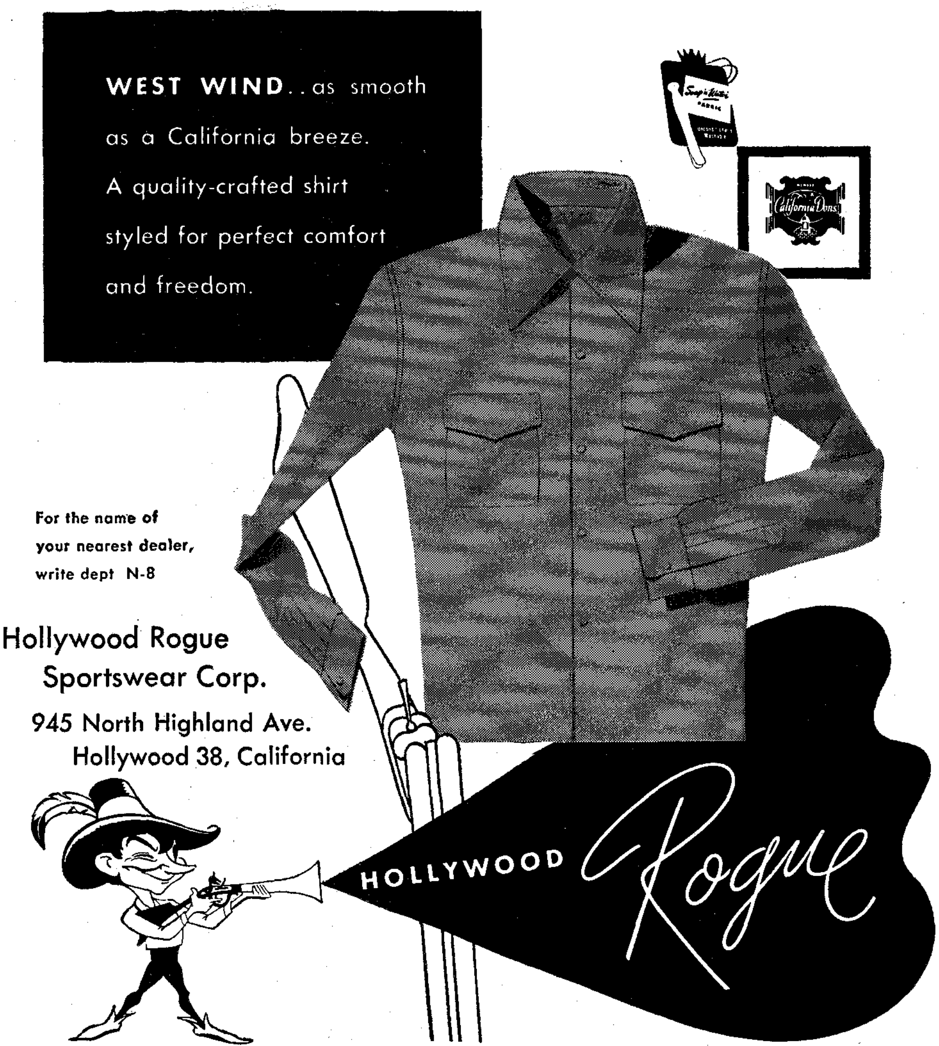
As the printing of the LAW JOURNAL proceeds, the result is checked. If a typographical imperfection of any sort is discovered, due to a cracked plate or slight injury to the type structure, the rotary press is stopped and a new plate for the imperfect page is cast.

The Monday LAW JOURNAL is, as stated, printed Saturday night. After a few thousand copies of yesterday's LAW JOURNAL had been run off, a minor typographical imperfection on the front page was noted. The rotary press was stopped and an order given for a new front page plate to be used for the remainder of the issue of yesterday's LAW JOURNAL.

Then the mistake was made, as will now be set forth. The metal used for the type in which the material to be printed has been set and the metal plates made from the mats are melted down each morning and the metal re-used. The light weight paper mats, on the other hand, are easily filed and are not immediately destroyed.

In the haste of the moment, the already used mat for the front page of Saturday's issue was picked up, instead of the mat from which several thousand pages had already been printed for the Monday issue. Because of this error, the new front page plate for a portion of yesterday's issue was made from the Saturday front page mat, which had already served its purpose.

Before the end of the day yesterday, a complete corrected issue of yesterday's LAW JOURNAL was mailed or delivered to every subscriber.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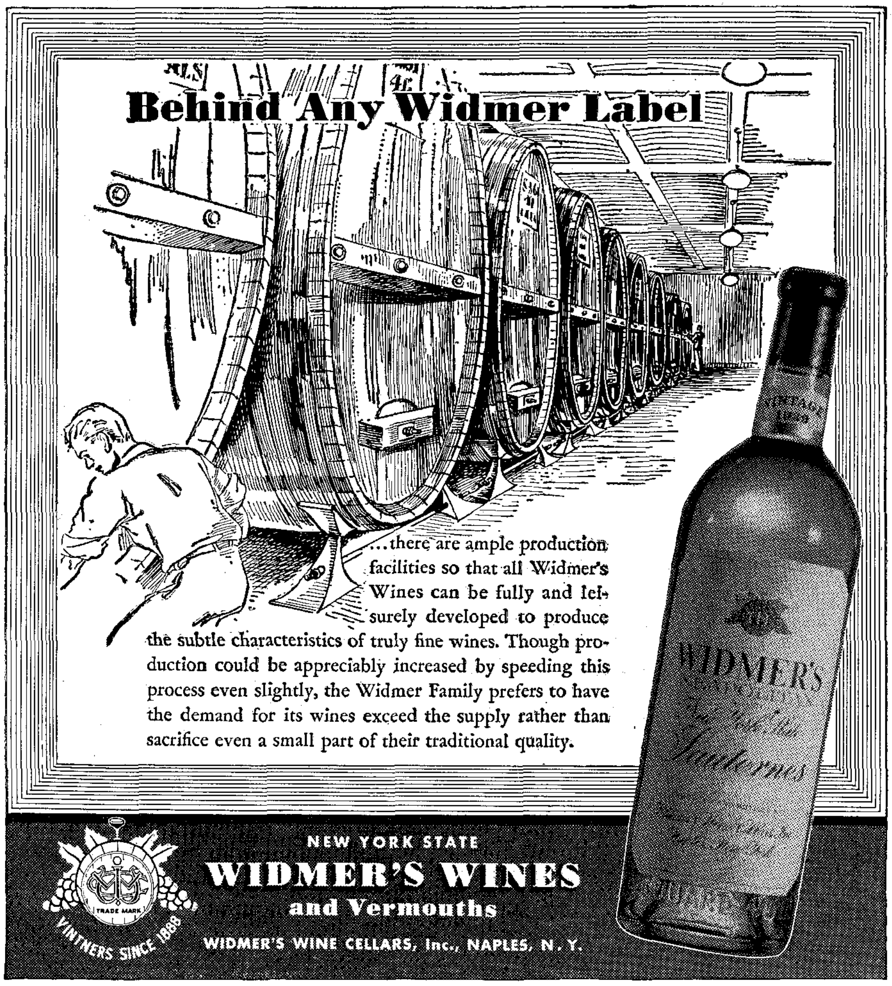
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THE RACE TRACK

Stymie Marches On

PLACE
POOL
SHOW

If you are one of those horseplayers who still get goggle-eyed over any fifty-thousand-dollar race, you might have found it worth the trip to Suffolk Downs to watch Stymie win the Massachusetts Handicap last week. Elpis was second, and something named Blue Yonder was third, just to give you a rough idea of the opposition. From all accounts, this department's favorite money spinner, who, like Man o' War and Greyhound, has a bit of the actor in him, went through his routine with gusto; he galloped along in last place in the field of seven for about half the mile and a furlong and then came up, as spectacularly as ever, with his usual rush through the stretch. Incidentally, $139,468 was bet on Stymie to show (that's how conservative the bettors are in New England), out of a total handle for the race of $319,588, which was a record for the track. While we're on the subject of money, Stymie's share of the purse was $41,150, which brought his earnings to $719,660. It's a good bet, if you can get it, that he'll end the season with more than eight hundred thousand.

Some time this month, the Washington Park Jockey Club in Chicago plans to put on a match race between Assault and Armed at a mile and a quarter for a purse of a hundred thousand dollars, winner take all. Stymie hasn't been invited, but I don't believe that any slight was intended. It just isn't the custom to have three-cornered races; frankly, I've never been able to find out why. I can tell you, however, that the records, which go back more than a hundred years, show only one; that was the race in which Freeland beat Miss Woodford and Pontiac at the original Monmouth Park in 1885. Well, if Assault wins, he'll be right up at the top of the money list again. On the other hand, if Armed wins, he will move into second place.

Those of you who didn't go to Atlantic City for an afternoon, or maybe a weekend, of racing in the spring will be consoled to know that you now have another chance. A twenty-one-day meeting began there last week. As one who hadn't revisited the track since it opened, a year ago, I found everything so smart and efficient that I hardly recognized the place. The infield looked especially sharp, and the turf course was so smooth and green that it seemed a pity to run on it. The grandstand has comfortable seats, wide aisles, and a betting ring that isn't congested even on Saturdays. The horses at Atlantic City may not be making any momentous contribution to racing history, but the pari-mutuel take is only ten per cent, so you get better odds than you do here, where the take is fifteen per cent. Transportation is fine, too. The special that leaves Pennsylvania Station at 10:50 A.M. (daylight-saving time) gets you to the course early enough to buy tickets on the daily double.

The Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses started its four-week meeting at the Spa last Monday. Dates for the important races have been shuffled about again to bring out the box-office horses on weekends. The Whitney Stakes will be run on Saturday, and I don't imagine that Stymie, who won it last year, will have much trouble winning it again. Assault's only engagements are the Saratoga Handicap, on August 23rd, and the Cup, on August 30th, the closing day. Stymie also is in both of those events. It would be sporting of Calumet Farm to send Bewitch, its wonder filly, who has won six stakes and nearly a hundred thousand in prize money, to Saratoga for the Spinaway on August 15th; the stable hasn't decided yet whether she'll compete. The Saratoga Special and the Travers Stakes will be run on August 16th. Making a couple of long guesses, I'd say that Better Self will win the Special and Phalanx the Travers. Don't come to me, though, if you want to know who's going to win the Alabama Stakes, on the twentieth. Sentimentally, I'm all for First Flight, but I'm afraid that beating But Why Not is going to be a large order. But Why Not ran a remarkable race in the Classic Stakes at Chicago a fortnight ago, leading all the way to defeat Fervent, Cosmic Bomb, and such also-rans as Stepfather and On Trust. A filly who can do that is something to worry about.

—Audax Minor

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(GILDED COLOSSUS DIVISION)

[*Headline in the Detroit News*]

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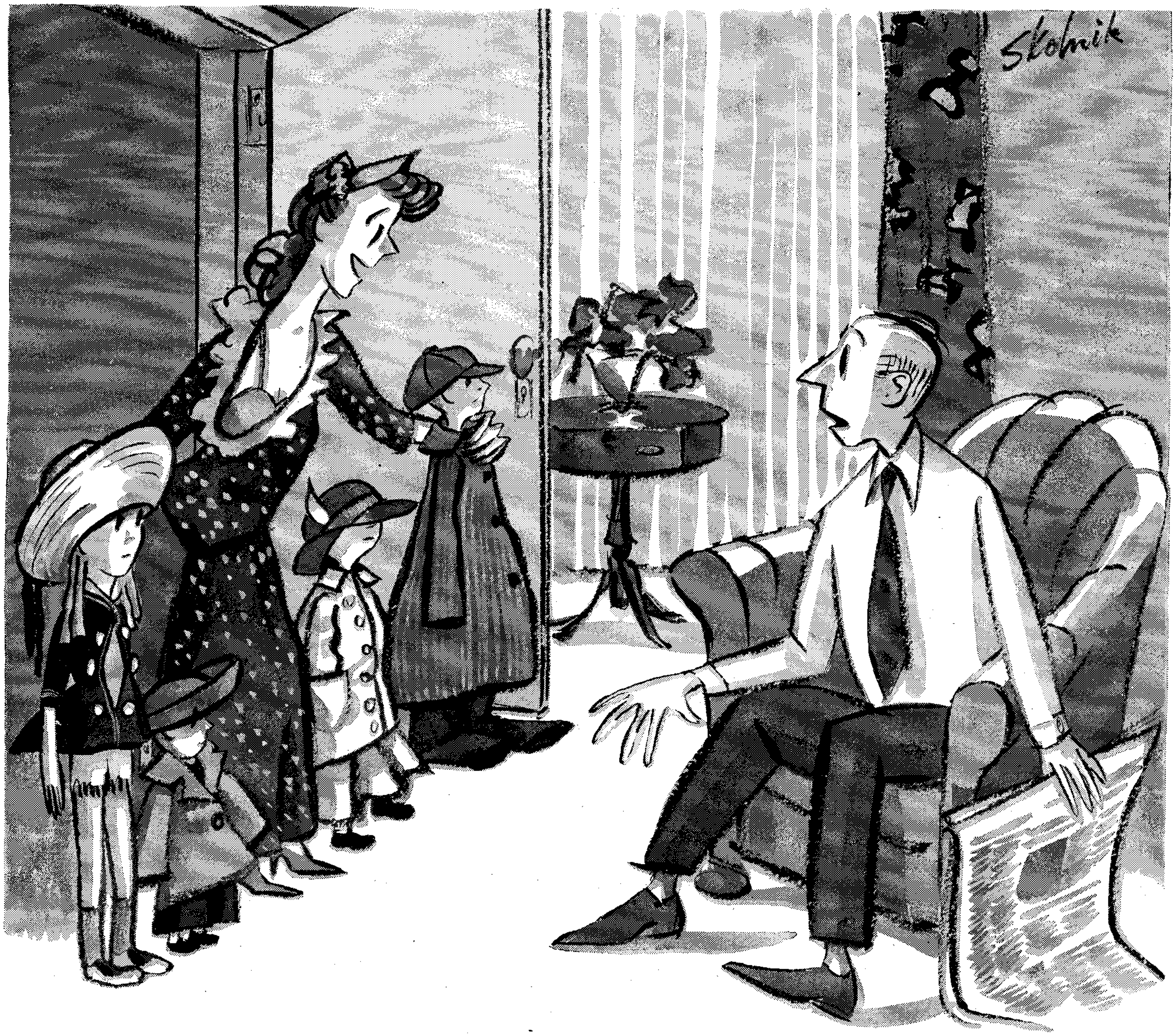
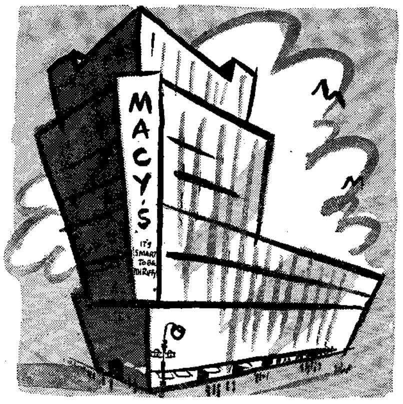


"I know they don't exactly fit—but Macy's was practically giving *them away!"*

THE PASSION for bargains is so strong in the females of the species that sometimes customers should be restrained for their own good. We do try, for while we sympathize with the urge to save money, we cannot countenance buying an unbecoming hat, or shoes that pinch, or oversized furniture for an undersized igloo, just because Macy's prices are so irresistibly low. A bargain is no bargain unless you can use it. And to save money on something that will clutter up *your* shelves instead of ours is extravagant, not thrifty. We're not just being noble—we know we'll sell our goods, but we'd rather sell the right things to the right people—match up our bargains to our customers. That makes for contented customers. Contented husbands, too. The average male is inclined to blow his thermostat when Momma buys new dishes if the china closet is already bursting at the seams.

We know we make it difficult for the weak ladies to keep a grip on their purse strings in the presence of our bargains. Sales resistance evaporates when a normal woman is confronted by those 6% cash policy signs indicating that Macy's vigilant Comparison Shoppers have ordered Macy's low prices reduced even lower. As you know, it is an old Macy custom to make 94 cents act like a buck. And to make sure that no one equals our efforts on behalf of your wallet, we have a staff of expert Shoppers, who spend their days trekking all over town, comparing price and quality. If they find Macy's should take another 6% cut, our shrinking price tags shrink again. If ever you should see merchandise at Macy's, which you have seen elsewhere at the same price, or lower, tell the nearest Service Supervisor, and he will send up a flare for action by our Comparison Office. Not that we think you should wear yourself out shopping around, when we employ specialists to take the load off your feet. But we *do* want you to know that Macy's 6% Cash Policy is working for you every day.

It's smart to be thrifty **macy's**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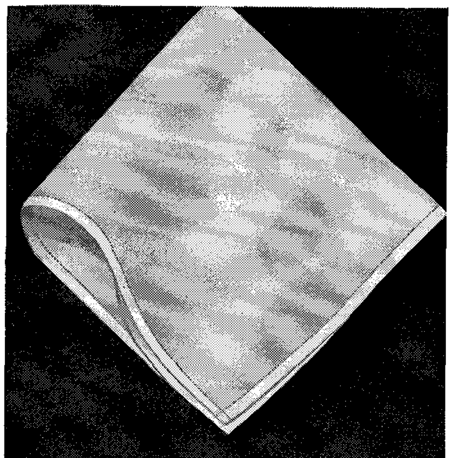

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

A GOOD part of the outdoor-cookery season has gone by, but a lot of steaks and chops will still be broiled before life moves indoors again, and if you have been taken by the idea of having a charcoal grill, or if you already have one and want to add some elaborate gadgets to it, you might drop in at Abercrombie & Fitch on a shopping trip to town. A. & F. are strong for roasting meat on a spit over an open fire, and they offer for the job a portable, motor-driven spit (a trick borrowed from the Indians, no doubt), mounted on a metal stand, that can be set up over any flat-bed grill within reach of an A.C. outlet. The spit is of stainless steel and long enough to take two roasting chickens, a medium-sized turkey, or maybe an infant porker. It's tagged $41. An even fancier electric-spit roaster is one that does its chore in front of a vertical charcoal grill or on an indoor hearth in front of a wood fire. (Don't worry, there's a drip pan underneath.) This one has *two* spits, one above the other, each sturdy enough to take on up to twenty pounds of meat or fowl and each turned by its own motor; $89.50, A.C. only. For $13.50, you can equip it with a pair of outsize extra spits, fitted with prongs of different lengths, to take care of huge, odd-shaped joints of meat or giant birds. The shop can provide you with a hand-turned portable spit, too, that locks at every quarter turn, enabling you to do an even job all around. It's $7.50, and works only over a flat-bed grill. And then there's the inexplicably named Siesta Fork—a long, two-tined business on which you spear a frankfurter and hold it over the coals; when you crank a hurdy-gurdy handle, the fork part revolves and the frankfurter browns all around. (No labor too small to save at A. & F.) This one is $1.60. Or maybe you'd like something neat in skewers—stainless-steel ones, each equipped with a disc below its hardwood handle, like the guard on a fencing foil, to help you slide your *shish kebab* onto a plate without smudging so much as a finger; $1.50 each.

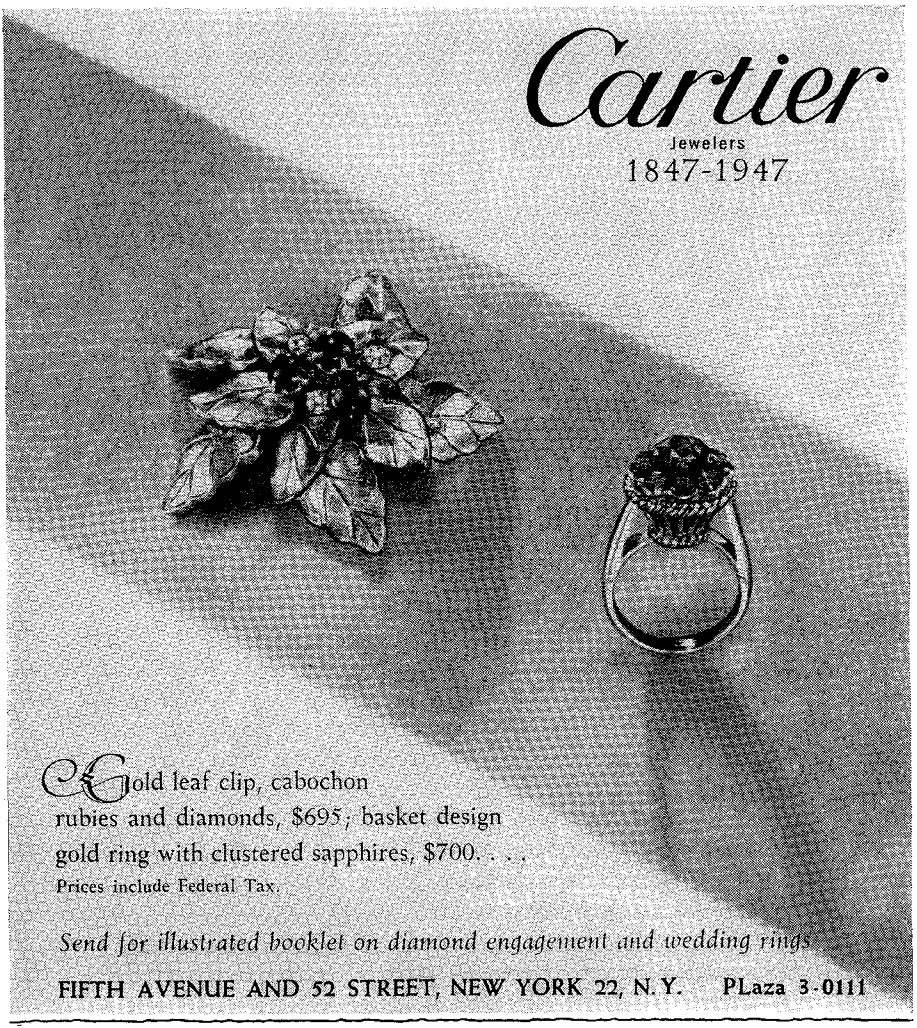
Skillet addicts may like to know that the Bar Mart, 62 West 45th Street, has a huge stainless-steel frying pan, twenty-one inches across. In it, you ought to be able to do at one crack enough hashed-brown potatoes for a dozen hungry people, which, after all, is no more than should be expected of a pan that costs $15. Lewis & Conger, mindful of what a rainy day can do to a barbecue, plump for the Rotiss-O-Mat ($47.50), a twelve-and-a-half-pound portable aluminum box with a glass door, behind which small roasts revolve visibly and tantalizingly on a motorized spit under an electric grill. It has extra attachments for grilling steak or sandwiches, too. L. & C. swear that it's smokeless, but, smokeless or not, I wouldn't want the job of cleaning the thing after the meat has finished doing all that fascinating sputtering inside it.

THERE is, at McCreery, a collection of modern furniture, called California Manor, which ought to interest people who have found other modern furniture too spindly, too gimcracky, or, if made to order to eliminate such evils, entirely too costly. These pieces, which are made of oak and come from the Pacific Coast, aren't what anyone could call embarrassingly inexpensive, but they are definitely not spindly, and whatever trimmings they have are, on the whole, well chosen and restrained—such as broad strips of solid-color tiles set into pale oak tabletops, or big tile drawer pulls, the size of doorknobs, on chests and desks. I should think that any household—even one without another stick of modern furniture (what *are* they going to call the stuff a hundred years from now?)—could make use of a low-slung round table, six feet across. It comes in two finishes—Sand, which is very blond, and Mist, a gray—and it incorporates a rather nice feature I haven't met up with before: trays that are stored under the top and can be pulled out to help serve a buffet party. Altogether, it's quite a lot of table for $179.50. Another low table—rectangular this time—is, or seems to be, a regulation coffee table. You can use it for that purpose, but you can also lengthen its legs and raise it to the status of a dining table—a perfectly steady, sturdy one, which seats four comfortably and six in a pinch. The switch is simple but artful; no one would recognize the coffee table in the dining table, or vice versa. The price is also simple but artful: $159.

The most imposing item in the dining-room group is a rectangular table with a strip of inlaid tiles running the length of the top and down the legs, but what caught my eye was a remarkable chest of drawers for linens and silver, also inlaid with tiles. The chest starts out with a four-drawer section ($239), each drawer containing either shallow, compartmented sliding trays for flat silver or rollers on which to store tablecloths and from which you can unroll them when needed, creaseless and ready for use. Then, if you need more room, you can add as many two-drawer sections ($159 apiece) as you want.

Next, there is a bed headboard that is upholstered all over, with no wood in sight unless you add a box shelf to hold books, radio, and lamps, which fits neatly into a slot in the top of the piece. The headboard is $75, in muslin; the shelf is $32. And be prepared to wait—doubtless you expected this—from six to eight weeks for delivery of any of these things.

THE Old Pattern Glass Studio, on the fourth floor of the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), is a place you might trot around to when you need ideas about presents for weekend hostesses. The shop's most devoted clients, to be sure, are collectors of glass, but many people who never collected anything in their lives but lint have found handsome and useful serving pieces and decorations among its less rare bits of old American glassware. A large assortment of pitchers starts at $5, for the cream or milk size, and goes on to $10 to $25, for big water jugs. You'll find among them a great many patterns that fanciers set store by—Diamond and Thumbprint, Willow Oak, Waffle, Frosted Circle, and so on. Small oil lamps, ready to be converted to electricity, are around, too, some in pairs ($6 to $30 each), and I don't know when the establishment has had such a stock of decanters. These run from



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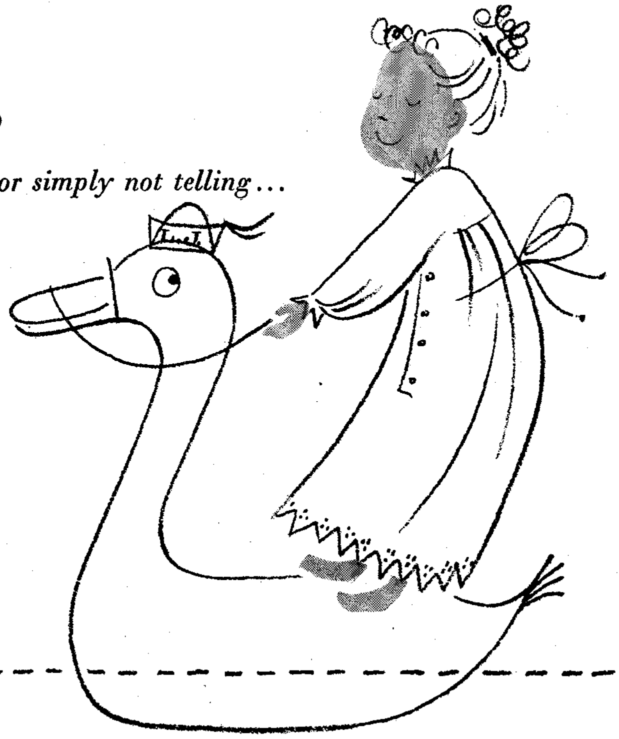

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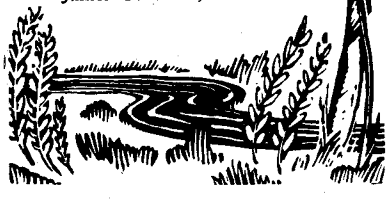


$15 to $50, and many of them have their original stoppers.

A couple of flights downstairs, the Woman's Exchange shop is offering fireplace fans that, for a change, really make it seem a good idea to trim up a cold grate. There are fans made of heavy gold or silver wallpaper, scalloped at the top and opening to a spread of from seventeen to thirty-four inches; $8.50. Another gold fan has a border of dark-green ivy leaves, painstakingly cut from a wallpaper pattern, that couldn't be prettier; $15. This shop always does a superb job with things like desk portfolios, and some there now, decked out with old coaching prints on the covers and the customary arrangement of pockets and blotters inside, are right up to the mark; $9.

METAL, METAL: Altman is selling paperweights made out of bronze doorknobs from the dismantled Murray Hill Hotel. Each bears the handsome monogram of the house and, tender associations or no, would be impressive on a desk. They're $10. . . . Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Avenue (15th), has imported from Belgium a group of cast-brass bells, hung in brackets. Their design, which incorporates Latin inscriptions, is churchly (one has a gargoyle counterweight), their tone is full and mellow, and they ought to be perfect hung at an entrance gate. A big one (seven and a half inches) suspended from a *very* elaborate bracket is $35, a smaller one is $25, and the one with the gargoyle costs $22.50. —B. B.

•

Steinway is the official piano of the Stadium. Jesus Maria Sanroma uses the Baldwin piano exclusively.—*Lewisohn Stadium program.*

Foreigner, probably. Hasn't caught on to our ways.

•

SHIMODA, JAPAN, July 10.—Ninety-four years ago Commodore Perry arrived off the Japanese coast and 300 years of Japanese trade isolation resulted.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

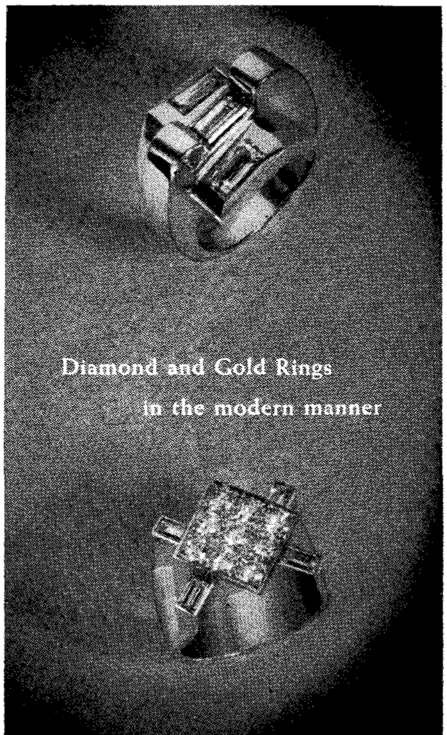
Three hundred crowded years, you might say.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*Bror Dahlberg, president of the Celotex Corporation, in the American Home Magazine for March, 1943*]

When peace comes and the American family begins shopping for a home, every dollar they spend, whether it be $1,500 or any other amount, will buy far more comfort, convenience, and beauty than it ever bought before.



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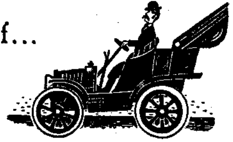

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Torch from France

EDITH PIAF, the torch singer who took Paris by the ears in the days of the Occupation, has a good many opportunities to cut loose in the French picture "Star Without Light," and she takes full advantage of them. Her broken-hearted balladry is pleasant to listen to, but there are aspects of the piece that are trying. The plot takes us back to those strange times when sound was just being inflicted upon the movies. A beautiful silent star with no more voice than a peacock is mooning dismally over her shattered career when her lover, an ingenious type, discovers a housemaid who is as melodious as Orpheus. By substituting the maid's voice on a sound track for the voice of his croaking sweetheart, the paramour restores her to big-league status. This maneuver is set forth as a dastardly trick, despite the fact that ever since the Warner Brothers made the first sound picture, all kinds of hoarse and tone-deaf actors have had musical stand-ins to render ditties for them. As the singing maid, Mlle. Piaf is represented as so incredibly naïve that she doesn't know what's going on until she hears her voice emerging from the mute cinema queen. Then she gets very irritable, demands billing, and generally conducts herself like a provincial prima donna. The film concentrates quite furiously on the irony of a lovely lady's being unable to sing while a plain little spratling is marvellously lyrical. A similar idea was pretty well exploited in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and this version of it is hardly up to the standard of Rostand. As is usual with such imports, the English subtitles attached to "Star Without Light" are hopelessly shoddy and inaccurate. I'll never know why the boys who do this kind of work insist on having foreign characters talk like a bunch of yeggs from Brownsville. One caption, though, took my fancy. "It will be crowdy," it said.

"GREEN FOR DANGER," an English job, is compounded of the stuff that usually goes into drugstore murder mysteries. The action takes place in a hospital where the patients are so casually treated that they are never sure whether a doctor or nurse is out to kill or cure them. There's a great deal of medical hocus-pocus in the film, and entirely too much whimsy—particularly when an arch inspector from Scotland Yard is about, coining dreary little jokes and falling all over himself. The action is supposed to take place in the days when the V-1s were making a shambles of London, and the contrast between that enormous fact and the pettiness of the plot makes one wonder about the sanity of the producer. Still, the cast, headed by Leo Genn, recently one of those nasty Hubbards in "Another Part of the Forest," is competent, and it's possible you may derive some dim amusement trying to dope out who the killer is.

IN "She Returned at Dawn," another French film, Danielle Darrieux is snarled up in a preposterous Vicki Baum story about the adventures in wicked old Budapest of a virtuous bride from the country. The script is furnished with all the trimmings, including a glamorous robber and plenty of cops, but nevertheless it's a damp, dull business. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

SHARP-NOSED CALIFORNIA WOMAN IN QUANDARY

[*From the San Diego Star-News*]

MATRON PUZZLES OVER
SCENT OF WILD ANIMAL

Mrs. Ethel De Mandel of 4145 Eagle st. in Mission Hills, whose naturalist father taught her much of the lore of wild animals, is puzzled over the scent of a beast that has come up the canyon back of her home recently. The canyon drops down from the east end of Montecito way and thence into the long canyon beside the Sixth ave. extension.

More than 30 years ago her father used to take her into the then primitive, wild country near what is now Traverse City. It is in the vicinity of the Canadian border. There they would take long walks in the woods and study animal lore. Once he stopped her as she was walking ahead in the wilderness, calling softly her nickname:

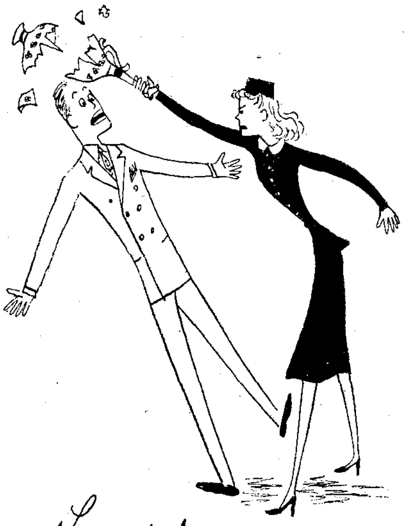
"Pet!"

Above and some 20 feet ahead a bobcat crouched on a limb and watched her.

Mrs. De Mandel is not certain, but she has an idea that the scent she has gotten recently may be that of a bobcat. It may be that of a coyote—a scent she does not know because the coyote is a western native and she is from Michigan.

Cecil Morgan, who travels the Sixth ave. extension down the canyon, says that he has seen bobcats several times in the vicinity and, of course, coyotes. Mrs. Mandel is certain it is not a bear scent. Morgan says it is quite likely she is right in her theory it is a bobcat.

"But, that 'girl' really was my mother."



She uses Revenescence

Don't misjudge him, Sue. That "girl" you saw him with was his mother. Can he help it if she retains a youthful-looking beauty... a soft, smooth, dewy-fresh skin? In fact—why not take a tip from her... begin protecting and enhancing your own skin with regular Revenescence care.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

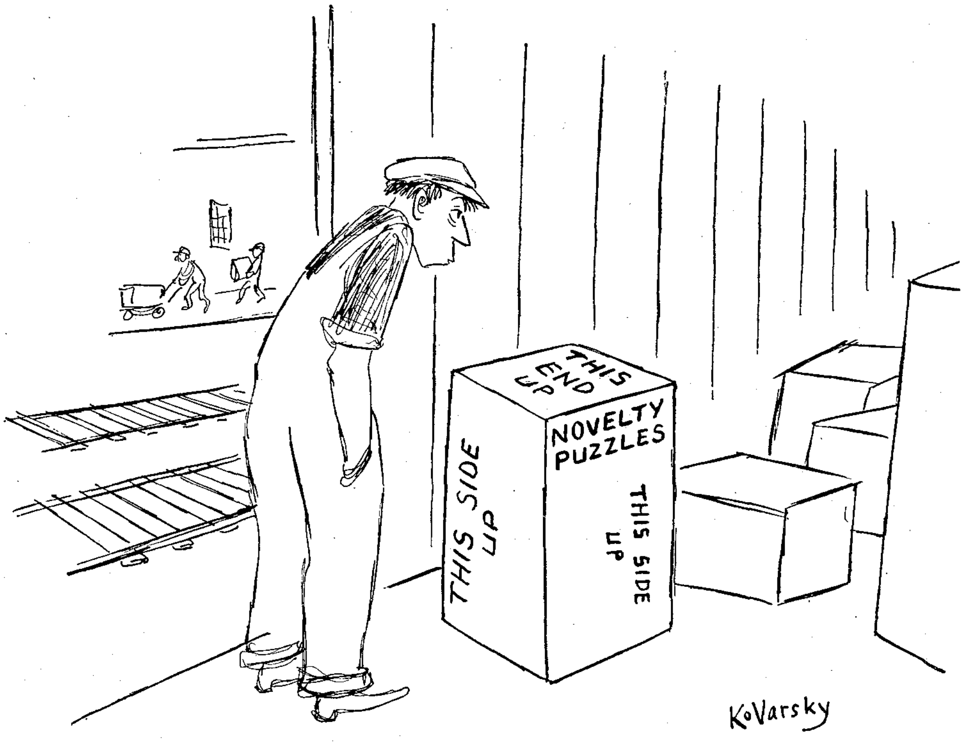
ZWECKWISSENSCHAFT

THE United States Department of Commerce has its fingers in a considerably larger number of pies than the average citizen might be led to suspect by its name. Not everyone knows, for example, that among its many divisions and subdivisions in Washington it maintains a Technical Industrial Intelligence Division, the purpose of which has been to bring the department up to date on German wartime developments in all fields of science and technology, including that of healing. About a year ago, the experts in charge of this division, wishing to discover what the Nazis' racially immaculate medical-research men had been doing in recent years, dispatched an agent to Germany with instructions to root out and record on microfilm all laboratory notes, published and unpublished papers, and other material relating to medical progress that seemed to him to be in any way significant. Allied medical intelligence officers had already reported, without any great admiration, on the more obvious developments of German medicine under Hitler, of which the Kuntschner surgical nail, a handy device for bonesetters, appeared to be the most remarkable. To the experts in Washington, the reports read all right as far as they went, but they were incomplete. It was felt that there must be something more. The man who was chosen to test the validity of this reasonable skepticism was a forty-two-year-old scientist named Hans Löwenbach, an associate professor of neuropsychiatry at Duke University, in Durham, North Carolina. In making their selection, Dr. Löwenbach's sponsors were only partly guided by the fact that his professional experience included research and general medical practice as well as teaching. They also chose him because they felt that the assignment was one in which, both as a man and as a scientist, he could take a profound interest, since he is a native of Düsseldorf, he received his entire medical education in Germany, and, before he left his native land, he saw at first hand the beginnings of National Socialism.

Dr. Löwenbach was granted a leave of absence from Duke and went to Germany with the blessing of the Army and a civilian rating corresponding to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He remained there seven months, after which he put in some time in this country organizing his material for his sponsors' inspection. He is now back at Duke once more. While he was in Germany, the Army provided him with a jeep, and he kept on the move, tracking down men of science, some of whom were already known to him, either personally or by reputation, in Berlin, Munich, Frankfurt, Düsseldorf, Hamburg, Erlangen, Tübingen, and Freiberg, among other places. The Army also gave him a couple of microfilm cameramen, and under his direction they photographed close to eighty million words. "It was a good-sized haul," Dr. Löwenbach told me recently in the course of an evening I spent with him at his home near the Duke campus, "but it didn't include anything at all exciting. I found nothing to make my heart beat faster—not even a glimpse of a new concept or an important new technique." He smiled a little sadly, but I thought that I detected a trace of satisfaction in his voice.

Of the innumerable papers that Dr. Löwenbach scrutinized for the government, only eleven impressed him as being of more than passing interest. These relatively important finds were a description of an artificial hand that can be joined to the muscles of the forearm in a way that makes it work almost like a real hand; a description of a mechanical device to aid in the vocational training of maimed persons, which determines the specific muscular movements required for the performance of various kinds of work; a study based on post-mortem examinations, indicating that death from bomb blast is sometimes the result of a minute coronary occlusion; a description of a new method of sterilizing agar-agar, a gelatinous substance in which bacterial cultures are grown; a survey suggesting that men of short, dumpy physique are apt to stand up best against the rigors of a hot, dry climate ("That work was done in preparation for Rommel's African campaign," Dr. Löwenbach said, "but it wasn't completed in time"); an account of a new disease, resembling silicosis, that broke out among workers in inadequately ventilated German aircraft factories who had inhaled particles of aluminum; a formula for converting paraffin into edible fat ("That also came too late in the war," Dr. Löwenbach said); some notes on the development of a chemical compound that destroys the causative agent of a type of malaria in birds; a description of a new method of avoiding post-surgical infection in certain rectal operations; reports on the discovery of hereditary epilepsy in a pair of rabbits, and on the presence in dogs of the *Rh* factor; and an analysis of characteristic structural aberrations found in the brains of persons suffering from a number of congenital mental disorders.

"Good, honest work," Dr. Löwenbach said. "Much of it was done under extremely difficult conditions. Those papers will attract attention when they are published in this country and elsewhere. Some of them—especially the ones on the muscle device and the discovery of hereditary epilepsy in an ani-



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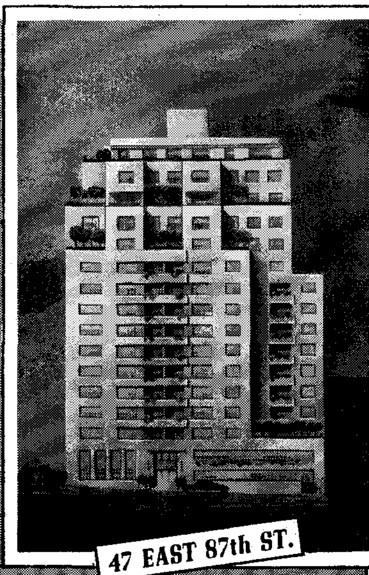

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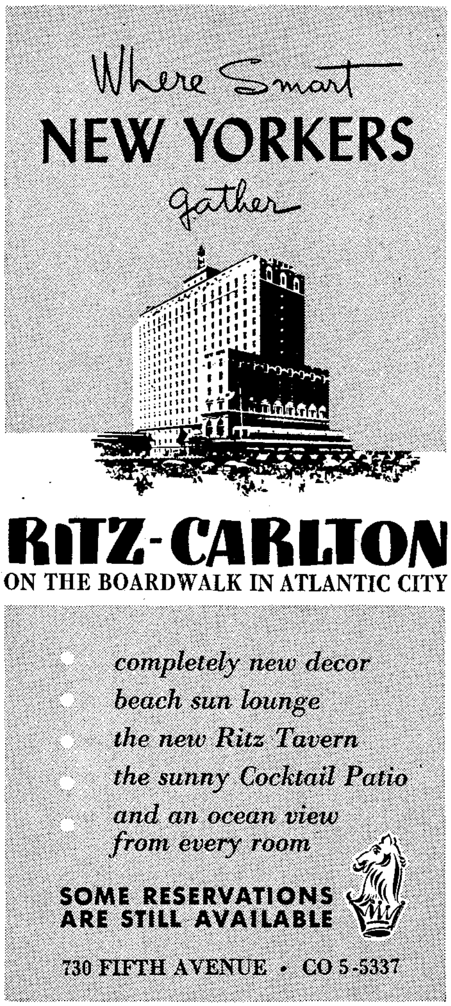

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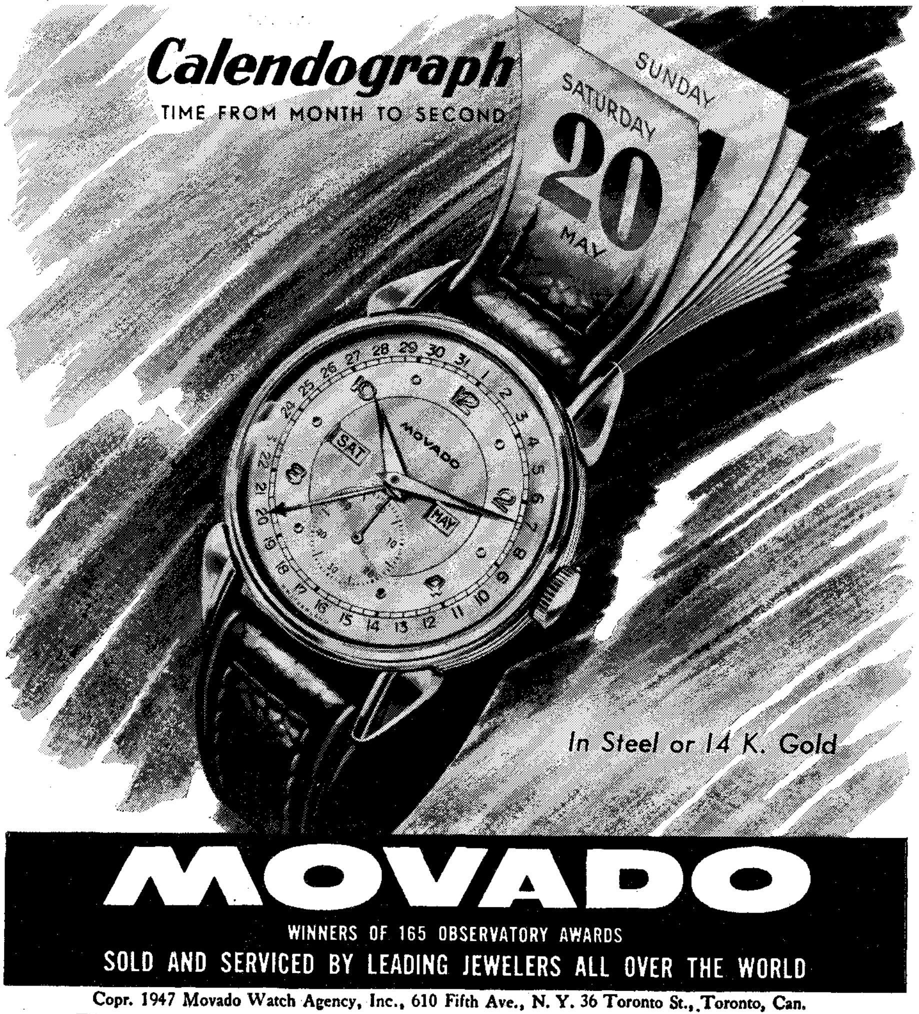
mal, the first on record—are of real value. On the other hand, while those fairly limited achievements were being chalked up in Germany, the Allies were developing—and I will mention only a few things whose importance can be most easily appreciated by a layman—the blood bank, blood plasma, penicillin, and three new sulfas, including sulfadiazine, the most useful one so far. Well, the comparison is forceful. It is particularly striking when one remembers the position Germany once held in the field of medicine.” Dr. Löwenbach shook his head.

“However,” he went on, “I found no studies of even the most routine interest that were based on reprehensible or unethical methods. The man who made that study of physiological aberrations in brains, for example, was not one of the concentration-camp sadists you’ve heard about. The brains he examined were those of defective persons whom the Nazis exterminated in the middle thirties just to be rid of them. He had nothing whatever to do with their deaths or with the decision to kill them. There is a thoroughly reputable investigator near Boston who has been engaged for many years in a similar study. So far, he has managed to obtain something like two hundred brains from this or that institution. Fritz Hallervorden, the German in this case, got literally thousands. He merely took advantage of an opportunity. His Massachusetts counterpart would probably have done the same thing. There was no ethical point involved. The people were being killed whether he was going to examine their remains or not. The so-called experiments in the concentration camps are another matter. They were the work of pseudo-scientific psychopaths. Nothing of the slightest scientific value was learned from them—nothing, absolutely nothing. They were conducted exclusively by S.S. men who belonged to the Institut für Rasseforschung, Himmler’s own institute for racial research, and I am convinced that they were conducted entirely for pleasure.”

ALTHOUGH Dr. Löwenbach is, by Rosenbergian standards, a non-Aryan, one of his grandparents having been Jewish, he was driven out of Germany not by force but by his conscience. His father, who died in 1928, was a federal judge; his mother, who survived the war, now lives with relatives in Dresden. The Doctor is a tall, stooped man who wears thick, steel-rimmed glasses and a scraggly mustache. There is a deep duelling scar on his chin and lower lip, another on his left cheek, and a third on his forehead. He acquired these distinguished disfigurations, along with a thorough grounding in medicine, surgery, and psychiatry, at the universities of Tübingen, Munich, and Hamburg. When, in 1932, he completed his academic training, he joined the staff of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Brain Research, in Berlin. He was contentedly working there as a research assistant on June 30, 1934, when Hitler’s purge of his S.A. leaders took place. Up to that time, like thousands of other Germans, he had hoped that the new government would eventually overcome its addiction to bloodletting. “The morning I read of those murders,” Dr. Löwenbach told me, “my patience was at an end. They made me ashamed of my country. I decided to leave Germany, and I began to lay my plans. Escape was not easy, even then.”

It took Dr. Löwenbach almost a year to make his getaway. He wanted to go to the United States, but his money and his luck carried him only as far as Norway in his first move. He spent several months in Oslo as a research fellow in a psychiatric clinic and then landed the berth of ship’s doctor on a whaler. The vessel was manned mostly by Norwegians, but it was owned by an American company and had American officers, and that made him feel that he was drawing closer to his goal. He remained on the ship for three years, during which time he saved his pay, read and reread “Moby Dick,” and learned to speak fluent English from the American officers. “It may seem incredible,” he said to me, “but it was not until I went to sea and got talking with people from other countries that I learned that in the first World War German submarines sank unarmed merchant vessels without warning, and that the German leaders had distorted Woodrow Wilson’s Fourteen Points. When I found what a state of ignorance I had been kept in, my attitude toward even pre-Hitler Germany began to change.” Whenever the ship put into Wilmington, Delaware, its home port, Dr. Löwenbach made a point of going down to Baltimore, where he talked shop with several of his former colleagues who were teaching at Johns Hopkins. In 1938, he gladly gave up the nautical life and, with the help of those friends, entered the United States from South Africa on the German quota. He had little trouble landing a research job at Hopkins, and two years later he became a member of the faculty at Duke. He is now an American citizen, married, and the father of three children. His wife is a native of California.

THE emotions that Dr. Löwenbach experienced upon his return to Germany were understandably complex. Reorientation was more difficult than he had anticipated. He found, I gathered, that he had changed as much as Germany. "I stayed in Frankfurt, which was to be my base of operations, for a week or so, until I recovered something of my feel for the country," he said. "Even my German was at first a bit uncertain." Presently his mother paid him a visit (as she lived in the Russian Zone, he could not, without extensive diplomatic maneuvering, have gone to visit her), and after that he went to Düsseldorf, to see his old home, of which nothing remained but a rubble-filled basement. He then settled down to work. "I need not tell you about the conditions of life today in Germany," he said. "It is like all Central Europe—hunger and sour trouble. The misery is so complete that even psychoneurosis has become rare. There is other mental illness, of course, but not much of that. The psychoneurotic, you know, often deals with the distasteful problems of reality by developing ailments that compel others to pity and care for him, but his ailments frequently vanish when the people around him stop paying attention to them. That is the way it is in Germany now. Everyone has so much trouble that he has neither the time nor the energy to pity or care for others. I do not believe that the Germans are starving, but there is much malnutrition. I saw it constantly in my work. After no more than thirty minutes of conversation, an apparently healthy doctor would begin to have trouble remembering the simplest things. He would be unable to concentrate on my questions. Finally, he would become petulant and irritable, like an over-fatigued child. Pathetic though such doctors were, I could not help being annoyed occasionally, for so many of them were little Nazis who had taken up



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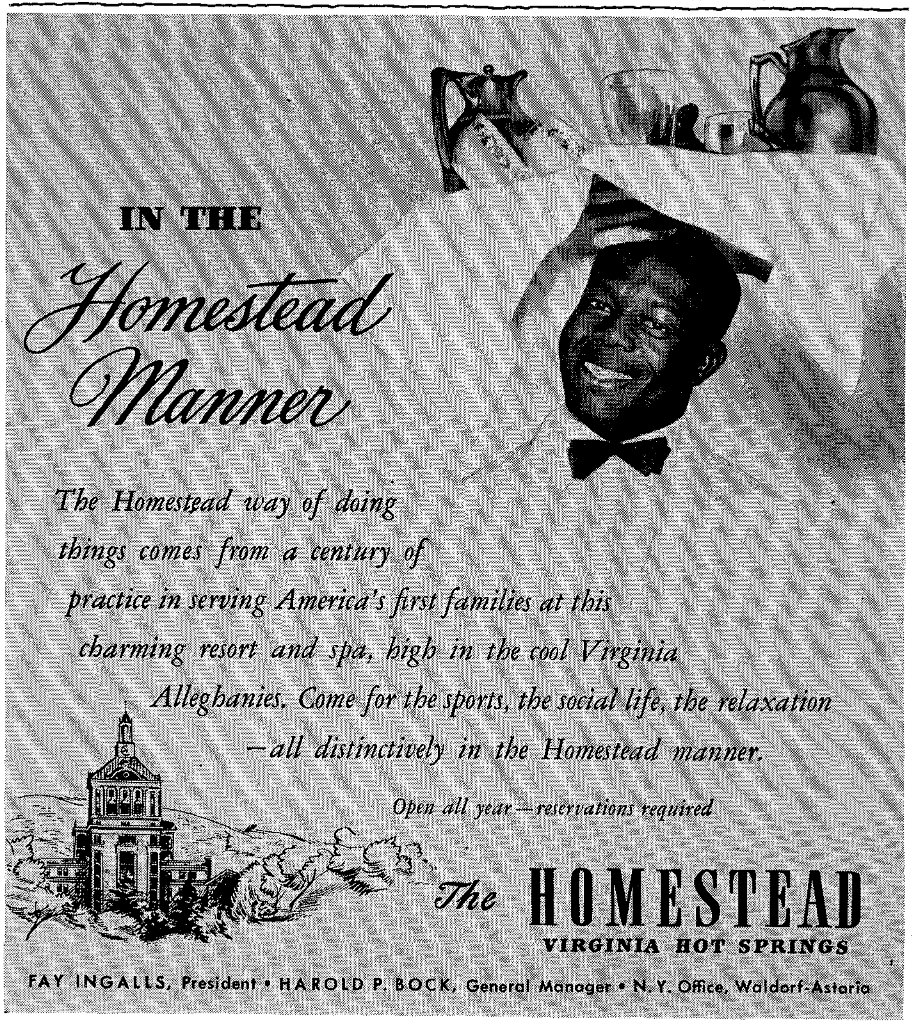
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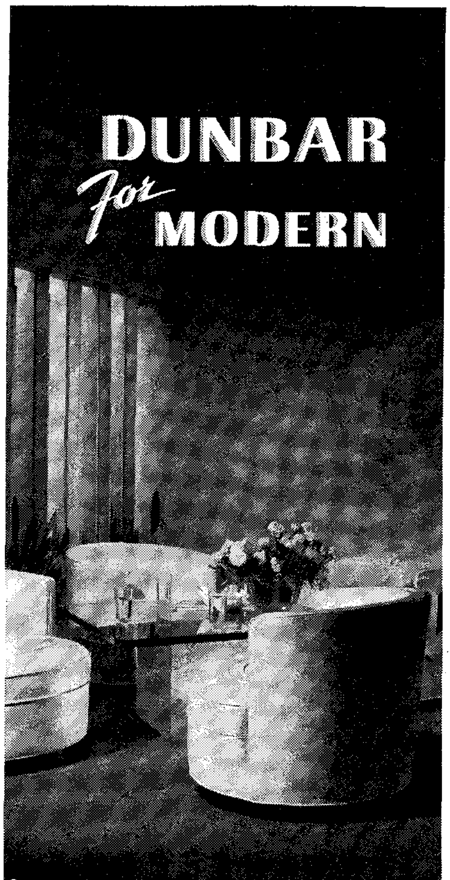
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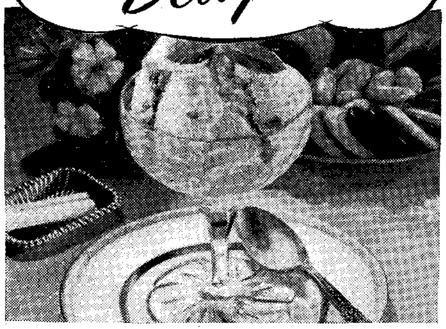
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medicine during the Hitler regime and who possessed nothing but the façade of science. They seemed interested mainly in the cigarettes I offered them." Dr. Löwenbach shrugged. "I had some very disagreeable interviews in Germany," he said. "It is unpleasant to try to feel sympathy for a man you despise."

In each city Dr. Löwenbach visited, he first made the rounds of whatever universities, medical institutions, hospitals, and clinics were still open. After that, he called on men in private practice who were generally believed to have been doing exceptional work. He began his search in Munich, and it was there, in a small, suburban hospital, that he had one of his most illuminating experiences. He had been invited to attend, as an observer, an operation to remove a brain tumor. Before entering the operating room, Dr. Löwenbach asked to be outfitted, as is customary in all well-run hospitals, with a gown, cap, and face mask. An interne informed him that such precautions were not necessary and genially waved him on. Dr. Löwenbach found the surgeon, a man who had nimbly survived both National Socialism and Denazification, already at work, his surgeon's cap pushed far back on his head and his mask loosened and hanging down around his neck. "It was a beautiful operation," Dr. Löwenbach told me. "The surgeon's technique was superb. He was a virtuoso. Unfortunately, however, he had made an inaccurate diagnosis. He did not find the kind of tumor he had expected. That was interesting, because an accurate differential-diagnostic method for brain tumor, though complicated, has been in existence for over twenty years. Also, the error didn't seem to embarrass him in the least. He was very good-natured about it all. Toward the end of the operation, an assistant reported that the patient's blood pressure was falling dangerously. A transfusion was, of course, necessary, and it had to be an old-fashioned man-to-man transfusion, because the Germans still had no plasma. Well, it was found that nobody had bothered to type the patient's blood. That had to be done now, in the operating room. Next, a donor had to be found. One was located who could start out at once, but he was two hours away. Two hours! I felt sick. It was like a macabre comedy to me. But through all of this—the shameful lack of asepsis, the casual diagnosis, the endless neglect—the surgeon remained completely unperturbed. To him, the patient may have been a human being, but the Nazis had taught him that it is a simple matter to breed another." The situation was so revolting to Dr. Löwenbach that he did not wait to see how the unfortunate patient made out.

Hitler encouraged a broad-minded interpretation of the Hippocratic oath, Dr. Löwenbach believes, and his indulgent attitude toward physicians who chose to cut ethical corners tended to coarsen the whole fabric of German medicine, though it did not contribute greatly to its debilitation. For the most part, that was accomplished by the elimination of all racially or ideologically imperfect doctors and by a program called *Zweckwissenschaft* (Science with an immediate end in view), which was put into effect around the time Dr. Löwenbach left the country. "The folly of so-called race purification is obvious," he said. "But perhaps only a scientist can fully appreciate the reckless, shortsighted stupidity of such a thing as *Zweckwissenschaft*. It meant that men engaged in research had to abandon any work that had no prompt, practical application. All fundamental research, the foundation on which progress in medicine is built, ended at once. It could not have been otherwise. The true scientist seldom has a practical goal that can be clearly stated. He can say with exactness merely that he is accumulating and organizing knowledge. Time must mean nothing to him. He is working patiently in the dark, feeling his way, exploring possibilities. Often he may spend years and in the end have achieved nothing except a point of departure for a successor. That is enough. Some apparently useless, even negative, finding may in time turn out to be of immense value. That has happened on innumerable occasions. Of course, *Zweckwissenschaft* did not destroy the reserves of such knowledge that had already been accumulated, but certainly it did nothing to add to them. I was told that those reserves lasted about five years. Then German science reached a dead end."

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pects of the *Zweckwissenschaft* program, Dr. Löwenbach said, was the ease with which it could be enforced. Since the Nazi leaders controlled the production and distribution of laboratory supplies, they had only to withhold essential materials from any investigator who was not engaged in the sort of work that interested them, and their range of interest was as limited as their patience. This often had the effect of remarkably simplifying the work of German physicians. Some of the oldest and ugliest of health problems were disposed of with brilliance and dispatch by simply ignoring them. These included mental instability, paralysis, tuberculosis, cancer, epilepsy, and the infirmities of age. "While I was in Kassel on this assignment," Dr. Löwenbach said, "I was billeted in a huge building that, before the occupation, had been an S.S. barracks. It occurred to me that in my time it had been a home for the aged. I asked a German clerk what had happened to all the old people. 'Oh,' he said casually, 'they were removed.' "

Dr. Löwenbach gave me an unhappy look and went on to say that the adoption of the *Zweckwissenschaft* idea had naturally done a lot to deaden scientific curiosity. Research medical men suddenly professed an intense desire to go into teaching or general practice. This was because the Nazis insisted that those who wished to do research not only tackle problems officially regarded as significant but produce similarly significant results—and prompt ones. "It was dangerous for an investigator not to produce," he said. "It was more dangerous for an investigator to attempt to do work that the Nazis would not approve of. A few men, of course, took the chance. They had to be very careful and very quiet, or else very plausible. There was one way of getting around the Nazis. Their weakness was their interest in race development and heredity, as they understood it. Any investigator who could persuade them that a certain work he wished to do would contribute to the improvement of the race had no more trouble. 'Race' and 'heredity' were magic words. If you have been wondering how Hallervorden, the man who studied the brains of congenital mental cases, was able to do so, that is the answer."

The fear of failure that the *Zweckwissenschaft* program inspired was so extreme that some scientists chose to work surreptitiously even on problems in which the Nazis might reasonably have been expected to take a keen inter-

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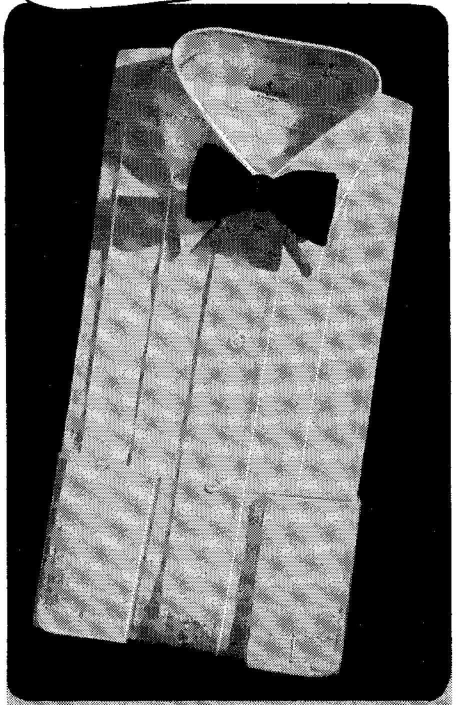

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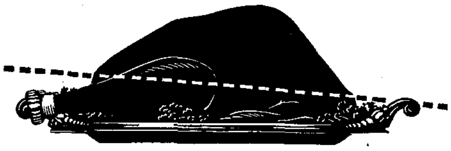

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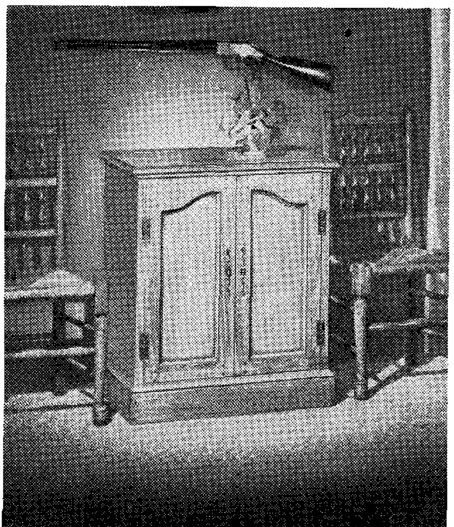
est. One of these men, a Düsseldorf surgeon named Kurt Herzog, was, Dr. Löwenbach told me, responsible for developing the mechanical device to help in the vocational rehabilitation of the maimed. Dr. Herzog put together a makeshift model of his apparatus from scraps of wood, metal, and wire in 1943, but prudently said nothing about it to anyone until Dr. Löwenbach came along. "He admitted to me that he had been afraid of prominence," Dr. Löwenbach said, "and I knew what he meant. It wasn't safe in Germany to get too big, because then too much was required of you."

The *Zweckwissenschaft* principle was especially effective when it came to stultifying scientific curiosity in the patriotic young men who began their medical studies after the Nazis came into power. The principle was stressed by most teachers, and generally with marked enthusiasm, for it greatly simplified their work. Hitler insisted that the tedium of the classroom be relieved as often as possible by physical exercises, drills, and other non-cerebral activities. "It was easy for the Nazis to train young doctors whose ideals conformed to their own," Dr. Löwenbach said. "Ignorance is easier to acquire than knowledge. I found that by 1939—and the evidence was everywhere—the graduates the German medical schools were producing were not doctors at all but merely glorified first-aid men. Actually, one need do no more than note the ages of the men who did good work during the time of Hitler to see the consequences of *Zweckwissenschaft*. Only two of the few men whose work was of interest to me are under forty. Herzog is thirty-eight or thirty-nine. He had finished his education before Hitler came in. The man who did the work for Rommel on climate and physique is in his late thirties, too, but he was and is a disciple of the great Ernst Kretschmer, the pioneer in the field of the relationships between body-build and character, and so was conditioned as a scientist by him instead of by the Nazis. Of the others, all are over fifty, most are in their sixties, and one is seventy-eight. They were already doing serious research when Hitler was still just a corporal."

After a prolonged silence, Dr. Löwenbach said reflectively, "A handful of old men. That is what Hitler left of German medicine. The others are nothing—perhaps worse than nothing, because along with their ignorance and insularity they are complacent. My God, how complacent they



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are! To their way of thinking, the brilliant period in German medicine that began around 1870 has never ended. They imagine that it is still going on. Occasionally in my calls, I happened to mention penicillin, and always someone would smile a bit indulgently and remind me that, after all, it is effective against syphilis or gonorrhea only eighty or ninety per cent of the time. They'd dismiss it just like that. When I was in Erlangen, I had a pleasant talk with a professor of surgery. He was a nice old fellow and I liked him. So, as I was leaving, I asked him if I might send him something after I got home. What I had in mind, of course, was one of the new medical books or a few journals or possibly some little piece of equipment. 'Thank you,' he said. 'I think I *would* like a new typewriter ribbon.' "

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

THIS AUGUST SUN

This August sun
Spreads its dye,
Burns beard of corn
Brown and dry,
Stains the apple,
Rounds the grape,
Presses the tomato
Into shape.

But tender sapling,
Blade of grass,
Beware this globe
Of molten brass;
Its scorching ray
Will drain each vein.
Pray for cloud
And balm of rain.

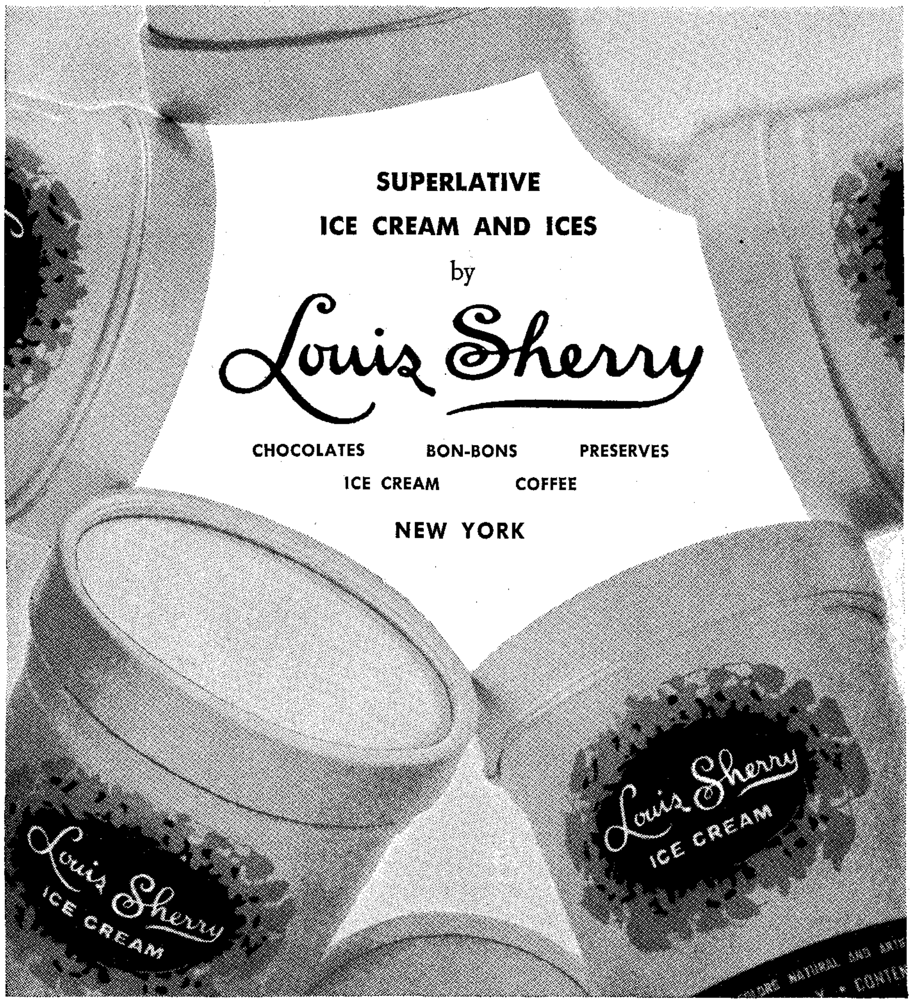
And squirrel, rabbit,
Panting fox,
Seek the shade
Of trees and rocks;
Hide behind,
Creep below,
Or be struck down
With one swift blow.

—SAMUEL YELLEN

•

David Lake, 12, a pupil in the Seventh Grade at West Junior High, was happy and disappointed when this picture appeared in The Sun yesterday. The caption identified him as Arthur Blake. Reason for the picture was Edward's achievement of being one of 300 out of 33,000 boys who were successful in an essay contest sponsored by the Quiz Kids.—*Caption in the Binghamton (N.Y.) Sun.*

Quite a lad, that Harry.



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OF ALL THINGS

IT is generally agreed that the British are handling the complex problem of India with impressive wisdom and statesmanship. They seem to have used up such a large amount of these fine qualities in India that none is left for Palestine.

•

Many amateur accountants believe that the Eightieth Congress failed to cut the budget enough to compensate for the four-billion tax reduction it tried to give us. Maybe Truman was right even though President.

•

Robert A. Taft intimates that he will be a candidate for the G.O.P. nomination only if he is pretty sure he can get it. The Senator knows too well that a boom is often followed by a bust.

•

Tom Dewey's followers feel that his long Western trip was a huge success. The Governor met hundreds of warm friends and not a single hot issue.

•

Despite the President's advice, many veterans will undoubtedly exercise their privilege of cashing their terminal-leave bonds as soon as they can. The boys probably figure that this is a pleasant opportunity to start reducing the national debt.

•

The newly released Lincoln letters show that the great President was pestered incessantly by peanut politicians. They appear to have been indistinguishable from the present-day variety, except that they were even worse spellers.

•

Stalin's instructions to his representatives in the United Nations seem to have been inspired by a line from an edifying old American poem. The Russian delegates evidently have been given as their text, "Have courage, my boy, to say no."

•

Many members of the House of Representatives are going abroad at public expense to investigate conditions. Join Congress and see the world.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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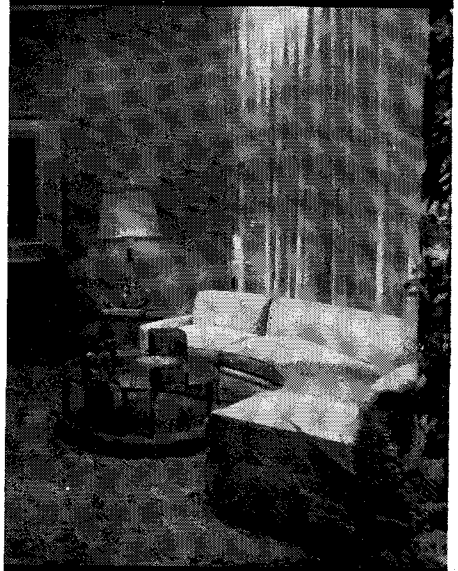

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CLOSED SUNDAY

THE LOST EDEN

THE people who had taken possession on the first of the month had settled themselves so far as to be able to turn their attention to the back yard. They were busy in it one morning early in June, the man pruning the bushes, the woman hoeing the narrow flower beds along the walls, the little girl sweeping the flagstones with a hearth broom. Our Greenwich Village apartments faced each other across their yard, which lay below and between us, and a short flight of steps led down to it from their kitchen door. Standing at my second-floor window, I could take it all in at a glance, as if it were a pie on a counter. The yard, to start with, was not without a low-grade urban charm, possessing certain cherished features—a few healthy shrubs, a stone bench, and, near the back fence, a remarkably tall and graceful tree of heaven, which was as great an asset to me as to them. Its clustered fronds shaded my living room all summer, refreshing the air and supplying the sweet jujube of chlorophyll so relished by hungry New Yorkers. Glad that my new neighbors appreciated the possibilities of their domain, I observed them benignly, for it is pleasant to see a dingy enclosure develop into a garden when somebody else has the care of it.

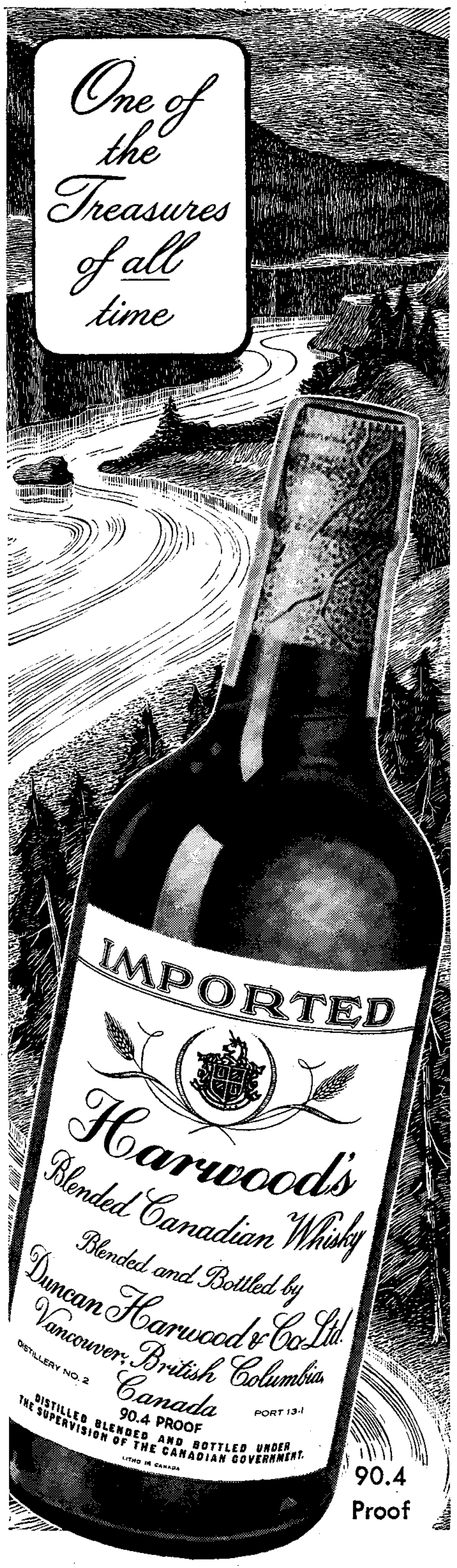
In the following weeks, we had a spell of fine weather, during which I watched with satisfaction these commendable types busily improving my view. Where grass seed had been sown in the large plot, a light film was showing. Pansies had been set out in the flower beds, and a long wooden box was filled with red geraniums. In the early morning, the woman lovingly scratched around them with a gardening claw. Late every afternoon, her husband uncoiled a hose and doused the grass and shrubs while she sprayed the plants from a watering can till the whole place glistened and twinkled like a fountain. Some simple garden furniture appeared—a table with an orange-and-green umbrella soaring from its center, several reclining chairs. As the moist lawn grew thicker, the flowers brighter, and birds twittered in the leafy boughs of the heaven tree, my neighbors began to put the garden to agreeable use, and I, in the offing, to enjoy the endless activities of this homogeneous family encamped in their shining oasis.

At one end of the enclosure, a trapeze was set up, on which the child disported herself exuberantly while a puppy frolicked beneath. Weekends, the family ate attractive lunches under the umbrella—loaves of Italian bread, hunks of Gorgonzola, great wooden bowls of salad; salami, iced tea, beer. The puppy gnawed a biscuit. On the bench, a melon ripened in the sun.

The man, clad only in shorts, sat outdoors reading the newspapers and getting a good tan. Nearby, his wife relaxed with a book. From within came the homely sounds of housework: the door to the refrigerator slammed, pots clattered, I caught glimpses of a colored woman astir. On Saturday afternoons, friends came for cocktails, their voices rose gaily, the ice cubes clinked. Youngsters romped about the premises, squirming over the trapeze, hanging by the rings, and shouting. The girl had a birthday party, playmates arrived, and her mother emerged bearing a lighted cake. These al-fresco gatherings in the dappled shade of the heaven tree were most engaging. More and more, I feasted on the varied scene set forth for me like a tray of *smörgåsbord;* more and more I learned the family's ways and admired their utopia.

ONE day, however, I was shocked to perceive them all energetically painting the furniture a hideous red. The place had been almost perfect. The orange-and-green umbrella, though bold, was not objectionable, but that gory red struck a note that was worse than jarring—it completely demolished the picture. Not only was it a dreadful hue in itself, but it was nasty with the umbrella, and the grass and the foliage appeared tarnished beside it, the geraniums apoplectic, and it fought with the pansies till their little dark faces looked bruised and ugly. Alas, the garden's lustre seemed to vanish in a sulphurous puff of smoke, its beauty dimmed and degraded, like a rose in a neon light. There I stood, helplessly fuming, scandalized at this revelation of my neighbors' crude taste. An awful foreboding seized me; these innocents did not know when to stop.

From that sad day on, they started to coast without brakes on the downward path, unwittingly losing thereby my tender esteem. By zealous leaps and bounds, they displayed their misguided gusto and total Philistinism. They slung a garish awning in front of the basement windows, an unnecessary ostentation, since the exposure was north. They whitewashed stones, stood jugs of cut flowers in corners, dragged out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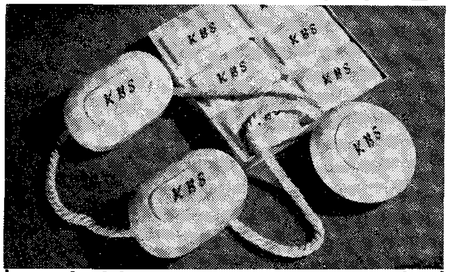

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loud oilcloth cushions. The wife took to drying stockings, stretching gloves, whitening sneakers, and airing bedding in the yard, and every few days she carried out all their coats, suits, and dresses and hung them on coat hangers from the trapeze, where she would brush and twitch them vigorously, picking off lint and plucking them as fussily as if she were a cook preparing poultry. This I considered a deplorable abuse of the garden, the only one in a block devoted to garages and big apartment houses, and thus, in a sense, a community perquisite which, from a higher ethical standpoint, was not theirs to spoil.

Daily and nightly, the racket and clutter increased. They installed an insect-killing lamp, so now, instead of retiring indoors of an evening, they sat out long after dark, playing cards, listening to a blaring radio they had perched on a window sill, and raising their voices to holler above it. I began to notice that they all talked rather loudly anyway and conducted themselves with a certain lack of privacy. On hot days, they wore as little as possible. The child looked nice in her play suit. Her father, short, bald, with sloping shoulders of a deep shade of walnut, strutted about like a walking Coca-Cola bottle. Her mother, heavy and shapeless, wandered in and out in a bathing suit, or at times in a black silk slip. Barefooted and in her nightgown, she brought out the breakfast coffee while he dressed at the open window; they called back and forth to each other with artless exhibitionism. They shaved the dog, all but his woolly ears; he resembled a perverse nude by Dali. The little girl was teaching him to bark. She would dash at the animal over and over again, clapping her hands and shrieking, "Bowwow! Bowwow!," and he would retreat, yelping neurotically. Finally, he got the idea and barked almost incessantly.

I took to reminding myself of my neighbors' excellent qualities. Their industry was worthy in itself, however much I might regret some of its end products. I never heard them quarrel. When the daughter became obstreperous, she was not nagged or scolded. I had to admit that they led a happy, harmonious life, albeit blind to beauty. I tried to be fair, and I found that I could think of them kindly as long as I kept away from the window.

IT was mid-August when I caught sight of a nest of tent caterpillars in the top of the heaven tree. My neighbors were gazing at it, too, huddled together anxiously, peering upward, con-

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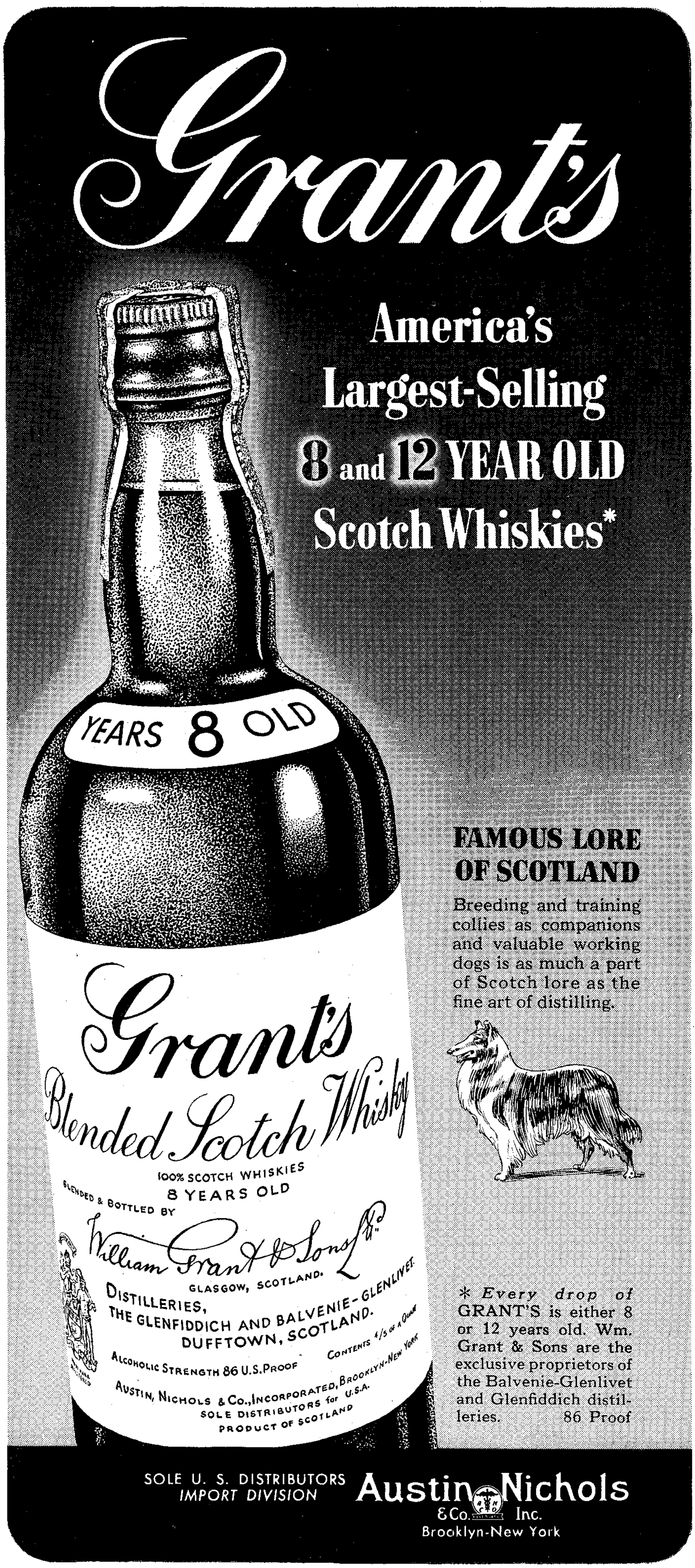
ferring. Without delay, the husband, that man of action, launched a campaign against the sinister foe. He fetched a helper, a young man armed with a long pole, to which they attached the usual kerosene wad. The paterfamilias brought forth a rope, and after repeated efforts, he succeeded in throwing it high up around the upper trunk of the tree. Then, with many gladiatorial gestures, he commenced to haul on it, gradually bending the whole tree down until the infested branch was almost within reach of the pole's tip. I watched this violent attack with fearful misgiving, and, sure enough, the strain was too great. Suddenly, as the lighted torch was to be applied, the tree, emitting a hoarse squawk, snapped in the middle and the whole upper half came tumbling down, ensnaring our hero. It was a ludicrous sight, in a slapstick way, and I cackled sardonically. But I was aghast and angry. As he scrambled out from under, covered with twigs and leaves, it came to me for the first time that I disliked this fellow intensely.

The yard was now full of the unlucky tree's carcass. Branches spread to every corner and flung themselves wildly up over the fence. The part of the tree still standing stopped short in blunt absurdity well below my windows. Of course, this catastrophe gave the family something new to do. For several evenings they labored, clearing the wreckage. The man chopped the limbs into logs with a hatchet, the woman broke the lighter branches into even lengths, the child picked up the twigs. The resulting woodpile, with its promise of winter fires, may have been a comforting sight to them. Not so to me, for the hot, malevolent sun surged into my apartment uninterruptedly, to keep my temper boiling.

AUTUMN came at last, leaves fell, the family raked them together and carted them off in sacks. The garden furniture was folded up and stowed away in the cellar. The awning came down and father, mother, and child moved indoors for the winter. They shut their windows tight and I shut mine. Peace reigned again, and I forgot all about them. But one morning late in the following May, I heard a mild hubbub and, glancing out, saw two laborers digging a large pit in the middle of the yard. A third man was spading a circle around the tree, which was already in full leaf. In the course of the morning, they loosened and lifted it up from its place by the fence and moved it into the new position. My neighbor



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stood by complacently, cupping his elbow with one hand and holding a cigarette in the other. I knew he was thinking that the garden would be shadier this summer with the poor, stumpy tree in the center instead of near the fence. I stared at this proceeding with bitter hopelessness. Heaven trees are sturdy, God knows, prospering somehow on our rocky isle, but this one had taken an awful licking. It wasn't long before the young leaves fell.

From my apartment, the prospect no longer pleases and man remains vile. Evidently, my neighbors have become discouraged. The hedge goes untrimmed, no flowers have been planted. They don't bother even about the grass. What once was a dewy emerald lawn is only trampled dirt. Nothing is left of that erstwhile lovely garden save the lurid crimson table with its orange-and-green umbrella and the skeleton of the broken heaven tree, sooty and black and brittle, as soothing to the eye as an iron Victorian hatrack and quite as dead.

—PEGGY BACON

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*Letter from a public-utility company*]

Dear Mrs. B——:

Thank you for your remittance of $11.13 received by us on July 10 which according to our records pays your account for electric and gas service in full to the meter reading of June 24 and leaves a credit balance in your favor of $2.93 which amount will be deducted from the next bill rendered.

The bill presented for the period April 27 to May 29 was an averaged bill as our representative did not gain access to our meters on that date. When your reading was received on June 24 it was found that the gas index had been over-estimated on our bill of May 29. It was necessary, therefore, to cancel, in effect, the previous billing and bill your account on a two months basis from April 27 to June 24, crediting you accordingly with the payment made against the previous charge. After the application of your payment of June 10, therefore, there remained a balance of $7.07 for gas service above your previous equal monthly payments. We, therefore, did not bill the equal monthly payment item of $17 but billed you for only the actual balance due for gas service. To this amount was also added the two months bill for electric service of $4.06 making a total of $11.13.

The credit of $2.93 for the previous electric bill paid was omitted in error and this is the reason why your account now shows a balance in your favor of $2.93.

We believe the above information will make the matter clear to you, but should there be further question, please feel free to call upon us at any time we can be of service to you.

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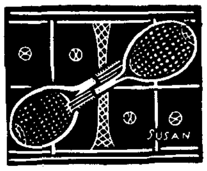
THE TENNIS COURTS

Of Meadow Club and Man

AFTER witnessing the fifty-seventh annual invitation tournament at Southampton's Meadow Club last week, I came to the momentous conclusion that tournament tennis can be played, and considered, as a game. There was a minimum of the grimness that characterizes some of the other Eastern grass-court fixtures; the atmosphere, both on the courts and in the stands, was familial and relaxed. You may see entry lists of slightly higher quality elsewhere this year (Jack Kramer and Ted Schroeder, the mainstays of our Davis Cup team, didn't participate in the singles), but I doubt that you'll find a more congenial grass-court outing. It's too bad there aren't more like it.



Possibly because of the absence of Kramer and Schroeder, who presumably could have waltzed through to the final, there were more upsets than I can remember in any other major grass-court event in recent years. Not one of the first four seeded players reached the semifinals in the singles, and Gardnar Mulloy, seeded No. 1, lost in the third round in straight sets to Victor Seixas (pronounced Séy-chas), an unseeded stripling from the University of North Carolina. This sort of thing is, of course, painful to the fallen stars, but it makes for greater enthusiasm in the gallery and, in the long run, probably benefits all the performers. Mulloy, for example, did a lot of practicing after he lost to Seixas.

Francisco Segura, the pirouetting Ecuadorian who beat Seymour Greenberg in the final, played much better throughout the tournament than he did in his Eastern appearances last summer. His curious, two-handed drives had more authority, and his serve was considerably more effective.

Mulloy and Billy Talbert, who won the doubles pretty much as they pleased, seem at the moment the best doubles team in the country. I wish their manners on the court were as praiseworthy as their tennis. In an early round, opposing a pick-up team that didn't have a chance against them, they amused themselves with such antics as tossing all three balls in the air on their serves and striking the middle one. Mulloy's attitude toward the ball boys, whose average age can't have been over nine, was that of a district attorney toward some particularly vicious public enemies. Both singles and doubles winners, incidentally, had won the events twice previously, and now they have permanent possession of the Meadow Club trophies. There will be some shiny new silverware out there next year.

ALRICK H. MAN, JR., who succeeded Walter Pate a few weeks ago as non-playing captain of the Davis Cup team, spent a couple of days at Southampton sizing up his charges and hopefuls. He is, understandably, reticent about his opinions of individual players, but I'll bet he's giving plenty of thought to Richard Gonzales, a California teen-ager with one of the wickedest serves in the game. Although this is Gonzales' first season in the East, the circuit veterans already have a good deal of respect for him. He's tall and fast, and seems to have a fine repertoire of strokes. What he needs, mainly, is more experience. If he continues to improve as fast as he has during the past year, he may be a member of the 1948 Cup squad.

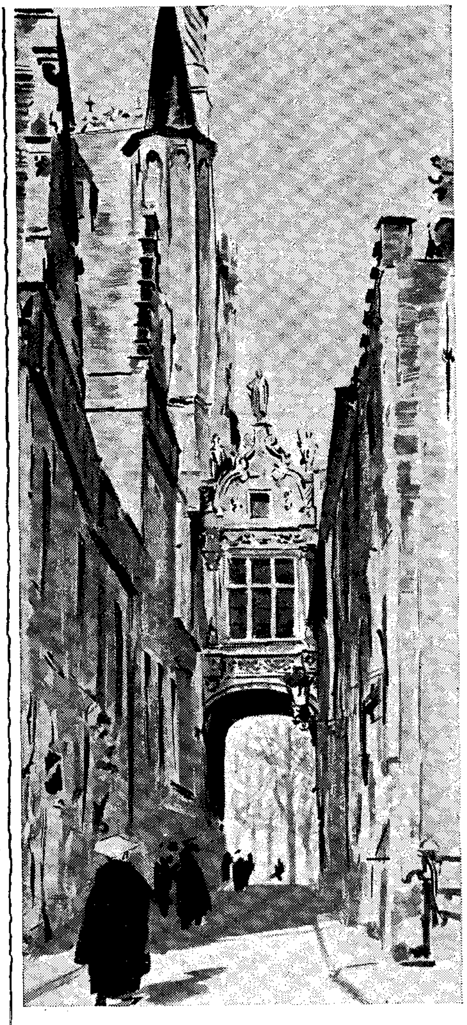
Man, a tall, white-haired, stubby-fingered gentleman in his middle fifties who winks jovially with either eye while conversing, is certainly the right person for the captaincy now that Pate has resigned. He has been non-playing captain of the Junior Davis Cup squad for four years, and is a former president of the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills. He's also an honorary member of the Tennis Club of Paris and the International Tennis Club. He played baseball at Taft School but couldn't bat well enough to get on the Yale varsity, so he went out for tennis instead and became captain of the team in his junior year. He made the final of the National Intercollegiate Championship in 1911 and has kept in close touch with the game ever since. He plays tennis three times a week in the summer, usually at the West Side Tennis Club, and once a week in winter, at the Jackson Heights Casino. He's in the real-estate business in Kew Gardens, a hotbed of tennis.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

The News Ticker . . . AFRA, the radio performers' union, will discuss at its national convention on Aug. 14 that torrid topic: "Shall our members appear on as guests disc jockey programs without feet?"—*The News.*

Plenty hot, all right.



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BOOKS

The Americans in Italy: "The Gallery"

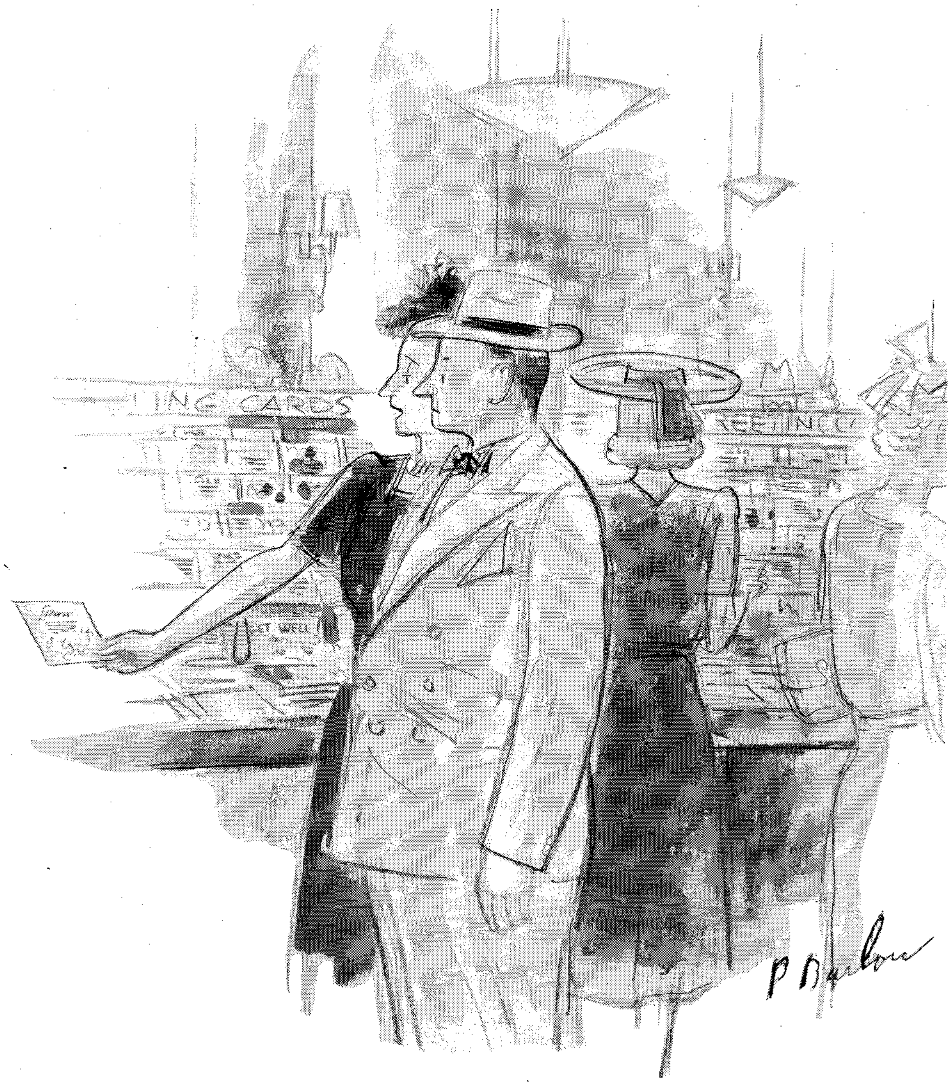
BOOKS BOUGHT

DURING the war, when the good books were few, one could cheer oneself up by predicting that, later on, young writers, released from the services, would break into the current of trade goods processed for the book clubs and the movies with work as alive and as fresh as that of Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Cummings at the end of the earlier war. But when the books by ex-service men began to appear, even those that showed some ability tended to sound like a prolongation of the government's war propaganda. There was some excellent description of battle—especially in the Pacific—and there was Bill Mauldin's "Up Front," in which the text was nearly as good as the pictures; but there was little about what had actually been happening in the countries on which the Americans had moved in as missionaries of the Four Freedoms.

Here, however, is a book by an ex-soldier that deals with the Americans in Italy and that displays unmistakable talent. "The Gallery," by John Horne Burns (Harper), has been influenced to some degree by Dos Passos' "U.S.A." It alternates short narratives that summarize the life histories or the war careers of a variety of American and Italian types with a series of impressionistic sketches, like Dos Passos' "Camera Eye," that make a chronicle of the author's own experience of the war. The narratives are not interconnected, as they are in "U.S.A.," but they and these "Promenades" are held together by being all made to pass at some point through the Galleria Umberto at Naples, the meeting place of Americans of all ranks with Italians of all classes; and there is an attempt, as in "U.S.A.," to give the book a general direction and make it mount up to a definite emphasis. The moral of "The Gallery," however, is rather different from Dos Passos' moral, as the temperament of the author is quite different from Dos Passos' temperament. Such leaning on the older writer as Mr. Burns has done seems no more than the derivative element that one finds in almost every young novelist.

Mr. Burns shows the novelist's specific gift in a brilliant and not superficial way. Immersed in the life of the Army in Casablanca, Algiers, and Naples, he seems at first to have found himself saturated with all that he heard, saw, and smelled, and to have been shaken with new thoughts and emotions, and then to have lost himself, absorbed by the people about him, in the projection of imaginary characters who would embody the forces that pressed on him. Now, the personal interludes of the novel, which represent the first of these phases, are successful when they deal with material that is factual and atmospheric, but they do not always come off well when the author is expressing his feelings. He evidently went all to pieces about Italy—which he had never visited before—in a way that is common with Americans on their first contact with Latin civilization; and his gushings over the beauties of Italian love and the Italian acceptance of life provide some rather maudlin pages. Yet even the worst of these pages are the bad writing of a man who can write, whose images come ready to his hand and who understands the beat of a sentence. And if his enthusiasm for the Italians is sometimes rhapsodic and tearful, one should remember that when he went to Italy, he was still in his late twenties and that he wrote this book at thirty. It is rather a relief, after all, to read a young American writer who errs in the direction of the generous emotion rather than in that of indifference.

In any case, when we come to his characters, we are carried beyond the author and forget him. Mr. Burns is strongest when he is most objective, and he should probably have trusted his people to register all his emotions and convey all his social criticism. (He should beware, though, of allowing them to talk like himself when they are trying to express ideas. He is such an accom-



"What a darling get-well card. If only Aunt Emma were still in the hospital!"

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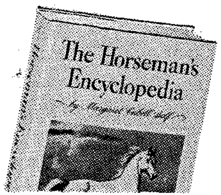

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plished mimic that he always gives an impression of falsity when he substitutes his own kind of eloquence for what a character would be likely to say.) He is admirable with the G.I.s: one who goes to the opera drunk and escapes from the war for a moment, one who incurs, through an enchanting affair with an Italian girl whom he loves, the demoralizing and grisly ordeal of the penicillin treatment for syphilis; and he is even more successful in his larger-scale portraits of American white-collar men turned staff officers, creatures as hollow and flimsy as squids that squirt themselves from place to place; bureaucrats precariously poised on the fine edge between promotion and demotion, building ever-expanding empires of paperwork. One of the best of these stories, "The Leaf," gives a horrid though hilarious picture of the inside workings of a censor's office, in which all the office tyrants and toadies, four-flushers and phony experts, of the American business world swarm and profiteer and compete. There are also a Red Cross worker from Boston, a Catholic priest and a Baptist chaplain, and some extremely well-done Italians—especially a middle-class girl who manages to preserve her virtue and induce an American captain to marry her. Mr. Burns's understanding of Italian life and the intimacy of his handling of these characters are feats of realistic imagination.

One of the central themes of "The Gallery" is the drama of sympathies and misunderstandings between the Italians and the Americans, but in the tangled and complicated picture there are other dramas involved. There is the impact and reaction of the American invading the outside world: his doubts and revulsions or his stunned resignation at finding himself sent to kill or be killed in uncomfortable foreign countries or sitting out the war at Headquarters and simply readjusting his peacetime complacencies to the slightly different conditions of wartime. And there is also the fundamental drama of the soul of man working at his destiny at the same time that he rebels against it. Unfortunately, the chapter on which the author most depends to develop and bring home to us this theme is the least successful thing in the book. The saintly Jewish taxi-driver from Brooklyn who is the hero of the last of the narratives, who writes letters like a character in Ring Lardner but talks like a character in the Bible, is the only one of Mr. Burns's creations who is not in the least convincing. But this, too, is the kind of

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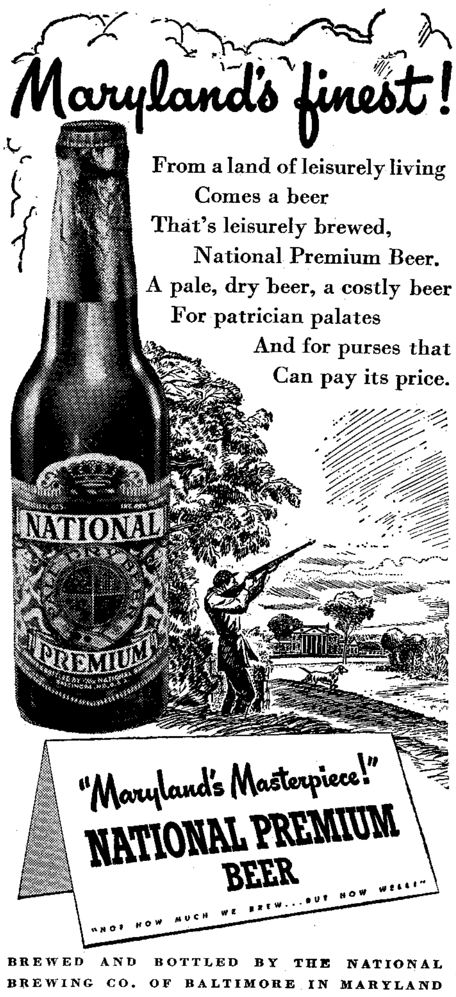
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thing that may go wrong in a first novel, where the ideal, when invoked with excitement, fails to put on the flesh of fiction. Mr. Burns's real genius is shown in the much better-imagined Hal, who is good-looking and well liked but cannot fall in love, who feels that he can see into everyone else but that he himself has no identity, who becomes more and more detached from his surroundings and the work he is doing and begins to be haunted by a parachute jumper who says that he was killed in Sicily, that the war is "simply the largest mass murder in history," that the Americans are going to win the war and that "their businessmen and their alphabetical bureaucracies will go into the shambles of Milan, Berlin, and Tokyo and open up new plants," that if you *must* love humanity, it means you're deficient in love, and that Jesus Christ really hated people. "Let's go down on our knees together and pray," Hal suddenly invites this demon, "because we're both so proud and cold and heartless." And we leave him in the psychiatric hospital, convinced that he himself is Jesus.

Perhaps Hal should have stood at the end of the book. He is its most original creation and profoundly true to the time. In any case, I feel pretty certain that Mr. John Horne Burns, when he has worked at his craft longer, will give us something both solider and more intense than this already remarkable book. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PROTHALAMIUM, by Philip Toynbee (Doubleday). A brief, arresting novel, prefaced by some extremely pompous directions for following the easily grasped device of counterpointing the reflections of the characters involved. This unnecessary precaution gives the book an ominous turn at the start, from which, unfortunately, it never entirely recovers. By sifting the thoughts of seven guests at a tea party (the hostess's reflections are not recorded), an imaginative allegory of life and decay, death and rebirth is told. Glimpsed fleetingly behind the scene in the drawing room is the story of an ancient holy quest, a failure and a fulfillment, which serves to underline the meaning of the surface narrative. The wraithlike tale flowing underneath the contemporary story is suggested with subtlety and considerable delicacy of invention, but for this sort of thing to

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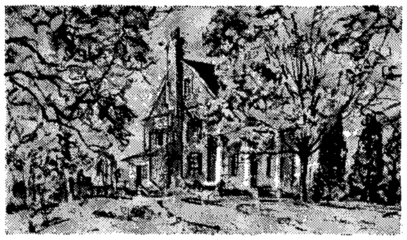

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be really effective the main narrative must be of more expertly fashioned and solid stuff than Mr. Toynbee's fanciful work. An interesting effort, whose obscurities seem to arise from an honestly overexuberant imagination rather than from eccentric willfulness.

PURSUIT TILL MORNING, by Alan Wykes (Random House). This tight, bitter little story begins with the decision of a poor young Englishman, whose wife has just died, to murder his unpleasant half brother. The rest of the novel, told in a series of flashbacks as the bereaved man stalks his relative through one long night, lets you in on the quite understandable reasons for his action. A readable tale, even though Mr. Wykes never altogether achieves the atmosphere of menace that he tries, rather too hard, to create.

BIG EMBER, by Edward Havill (Harper). It is difficult to say why this simple story of Norwegian homesteaders in Minnesota in 1862 should be so affecting. Mr. Havill is a far from expert writer, and you might have thought that his literary betters had already squeezed the old pioneer virtues dry. There is something warm and fresh, though, in his chronicle of decent, self-reliant people taking root in a new land. They are good farmers and good neighbors, and when faced by the horror of an attack by Indians they become quietly heroic.

NOTE: "Hellbox," a collection of John O'Hara's recent short stories, most of them from *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House. . . . Jerome Weidman's latest collection of short stories, called "The Captain's Tiger," has been published by Reynal & Hitchcock. Most of these also first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

APPRECIATION: PAINTING, POETRY, AND PROSE, by Leo Stein (Crown). A peripatetic, partly autobiographical series of essays by the brother of Gertrude Stein. Mr. Stein, who died last week, was a painter and collector of art and was one of the earliest buyers of the Ecole de Paris, in the days when the names of Cézanne, Picasso, and Matisse were merely cues for laughter. After half a century of looking at pictures, he arrived at old age with a mind wholly free of cant and parochial preciousness. The writing is full of wisdom and subdued humor, and the book should be a

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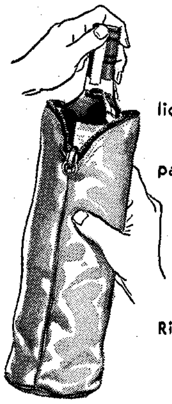

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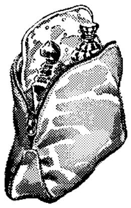

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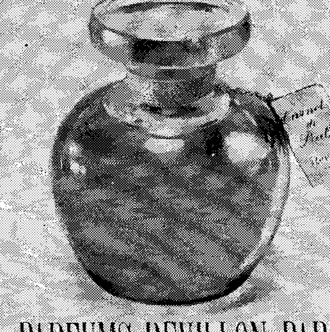

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stimulus and a guide to an appreciation of the arts.

SEVEN ESSAYS, by George Sampson (Cambridge). A collection of articles, most of which were first delivered as informal lectures, by a noted Cambridge professor, critic, and literary historian. The subjects range from education to the acting of Henry Irving, and from eighteenth-century composers of hymns to style in writing. Mr. Sampson's opinions are strong, and he expresses them in clear, plain prose. He has a highly civilized, slightly conventional attitude toward life and literature, and he can lay about him—as in the essay on style, which gives George Saintsbury a sound drubbing—with a will and a thorny wit.

ACRES AND PAINS, by S. J. Perelman (Reynal & Hitchcock). Mr. Perelman turns himself loose on the subject of buying and remodelling a country house, and all that goes with it—antiques and architects, weekend guests and pests, animal husbandry, and larcenous hired help. It is a short book, and it probably sets some kind of record for crowding so many heart-rending and catastrophic events into so few pages. It is also a funny one. Illustrated by R. Osborn.

CHAMPAGNE DAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO, by Evelyn Wells (Doubleday). There must be a large, and undoubtedly special, reading public that never tires of the days of San Francisco's gaslit glory, because season after season books appear that cover the same ground in very much the same way. The author of this one has talked to people who lived in the pre-earthquake era and has rummaged in the records of the age of red plush, patchouli, and gout. She writes of the period with great affection and often with a great lack of restraint. The many photographs help out considerably.

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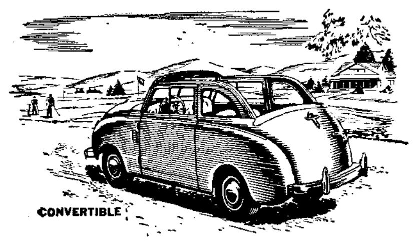

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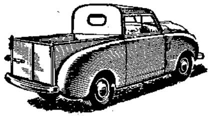

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UP THE HUDSON

Daily and Sunday

NEW YORK—ALBANY: Convenient connections for Catskill mountain resorts at Kingston Point and Catskill. Rail tickets accepted New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Steamer leaves West 42nd St. Pier 9:20 A. M. (D.S.T.).

ONE-DAY ROUND TRIPS: To Indian Point, Bear Mountain, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie (also West Point, except Sundays). Lv. West 42nd St. Pier 10:00 A. M. (D.S.T.).

See New York daily papers for complete timetable.

Hudson River Day Line

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"Where Are You Going?"
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Superlative French Cuisine

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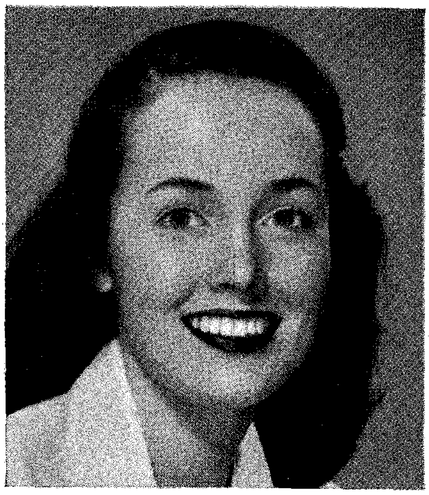
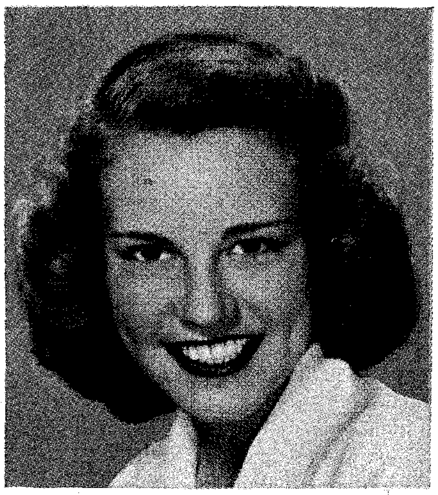


VIRGINIA KAVANAGH



PAT QUINLAN

Which one will you elect Miss Rheingold 1948?

$6600, national fame, and a rosy future wait for your favorite!
Vote today at any Rheingold store or tavern!

ONE OF THESE beautiful girls will be Miss Rheingold 1948. You'll be seeing her in Rheingold advertising on billboards and car cards, in magazines, in newspapers, and in tavern and store displays all over Greater New York. She'll be New York's most photographed, most popular girl (just as Rheingold is New York's most popular bottled beer).

The six girls on this page were chosen from hundreds of candidates by a panel of experts. Now—the final choice is up to *you!*

$6600 for Miss Rheingold 1948!
She will win $5000 in cash and a minimum guarantee of $1600 in model fees.

National fame for Miss Rheingold 1948!
She will travel to Hollywood and other exciting spots. She'll wear clothes designed for her by the famous Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue. And she'll be glorified by photographer Paul Hesse.

And a rosy future for Miss Rheingold 1948!
Look where a few former Miss Rheingolds are now! JINX FALKENBURG was the first—now she's a top radio commentator. RUTH OWNBEY is a featured player in Hollywood. MICHAELE FALLON, the present Miss Rheingold, has received offers from the stage and screen. If Miss Rheingold 1948 is like her predecessors, there's not only beer ahead—but skittles!

Vote now—ask your friends to join you!
There's a ballot box waiting for you in every Rheingold store and tavern. And, of course, there's Rheingold—the DRY beer, the beer with the clean, clear, real-beer flavor—waiting for you too.

It's beer as beer *should* taste! Compare it! And join the millions who insist, "*My* beer is Rheingold—the DRY beer!"

(Contest closes August 30, 1947)

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

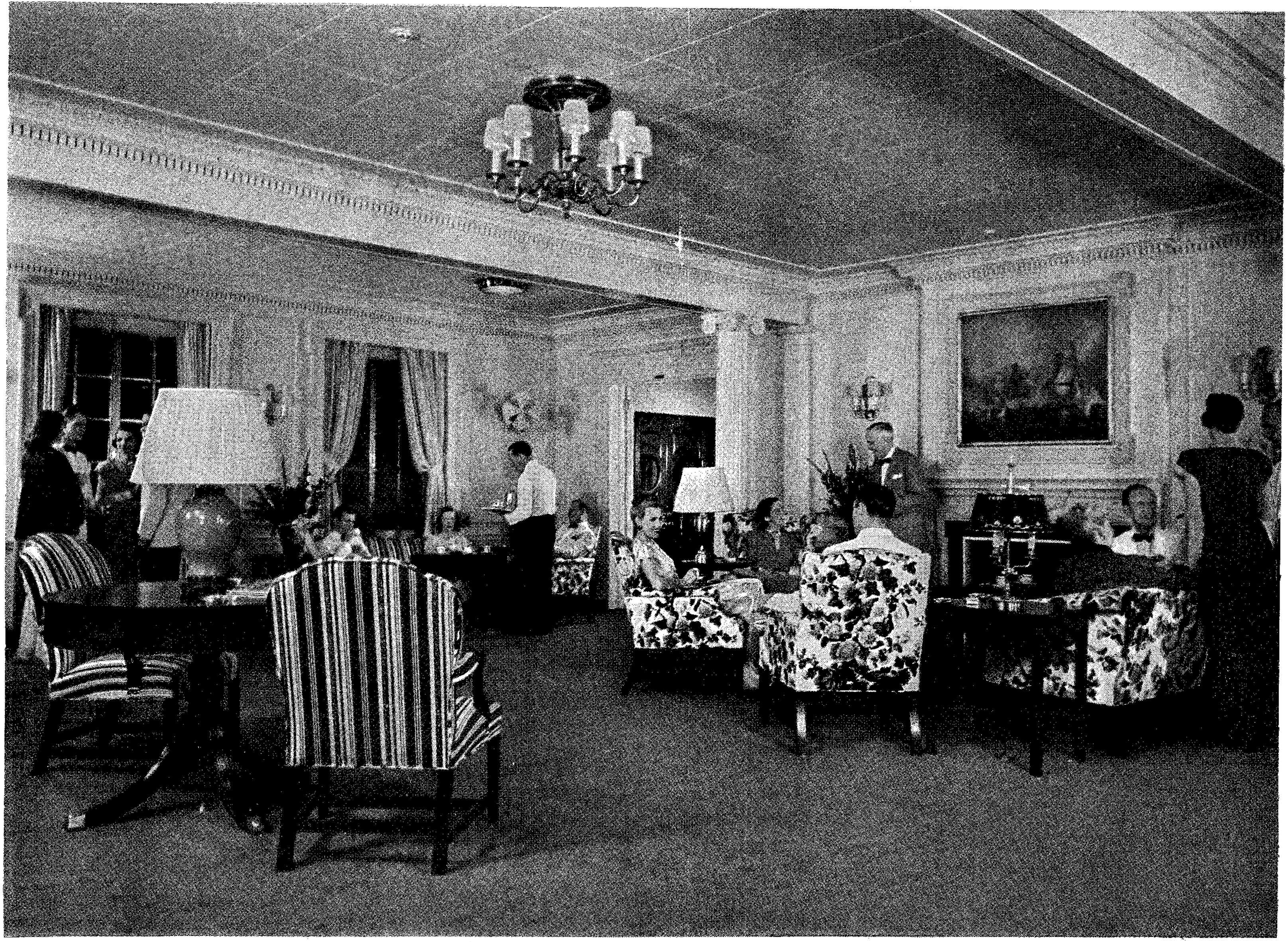
A Master Brew of Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brewers of fine beer for more than 110 years.

Copr. 1947, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

GRACE LINE

Cruises to the Caribbean and South America

CRUISE CLOTHES B. ALTMAN & CO., NEW YORK • PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBER

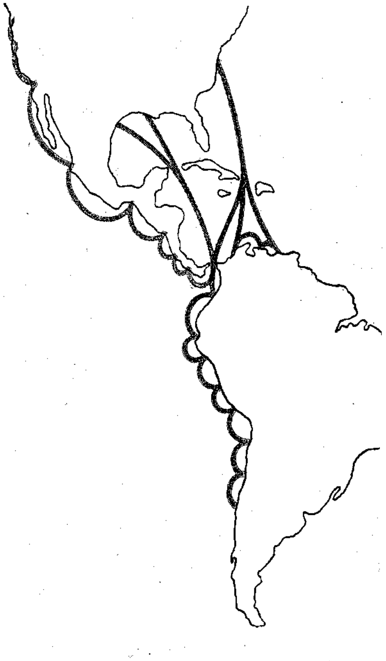


Spacious salons . . . attractive clubs with fine orchestras . . . light, airy dining rooms with roll-back domes . . . every room outside, each with private bath large outdoor tiled swimming pools . . . gymnasiums . . . Dorothy Gray Beauty Salons . . . features of the Santa Rosa and Santa Paula

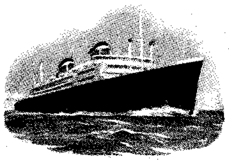
12-DAY DE LUXE CRUISES on the splendid Santa Rosa and Santa Paula, specially built for tropical cruising . . . visiting La Guaira, nestling against the base of the dramatic Venezuelan Andes . . . Curacao, quaint little isle in the Netherlands West Indies, famous for its fascinating shops . . . Barranquilla, important sea-gate and starting point for journeys far into the interior of Colombia . . . Cartagena, oldest walled city in the western hemisphere and one of the leading 16th century "Treasure Ports" of the Conquistadores. Sailings from New York every Friday.

"Casual Cruises" to Barranquilla, Colombia, and Maracaibo, Venezuela, by new, air-conditioned cargo-passenger "Santas". . . all outside rooms, each with private bath . . . outdoor tiled swimming pools . . . gay verandah cafes. Weekly sailings from New York.

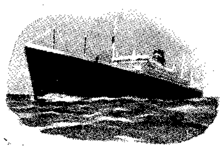
Service to the West Coast of South America, also on the new cargo-passenger ships—with weekly sailings from New York to Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru (Bolivia) and Chile. Limited at present to commercial and other essential travelers.



Consult your travel agent or



GRACE LINE



10 Hanover Square—Agents and offices in all principal cities

25 MODERN "SANTAS" SERVE THE AMERICAS